

*see me on pp. 30-35  
when the lights go on  
again all over the world...*



# caper

NOVEMBER 1991 \$5.00

History's most  
incredible tipplers  
Naughty Nudes  
of the  
nineteenth century

Baseball cards  
for rabid rakes

Big men  
in a little world

N. Y. Critics:

Playmakers or  
playwreckers?

Fascinating fiction,  
astounding articles  
& twenty (up five!)  
pages of  
gorgeous girls



## CAPTION: THIRTEEN NOVEMBER FEATURES

1000

- 13 The Terrible Sea. By Henry A. Soper.  
26 Legendary London. By M. M. Mackervy.  
42 Tall Tale of Woe. By Jay Nelson Fitch.  
63 Causes Between Causes.

- 14 *Clear Light: Clearwater*, by Richard Gallopier  
 17 *See us the Stars*, by Donald Young  
 20 *Light by Light*, by Solomon Sharp  
 23 *Seasons Date*, by J. A. Delamater

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

- |    |                             |
|----|-----------------------------|
| 7  | Up on the Atlin             |
| 11 | Dear Old Granddaddy         |
| 36 | Home Belle                  |
| 46 | For Mother's Grandsons Only |
| 54 | Goodbye                     |

100

Charles Kruse, editor  
 George Gurnea, art director  
 Martin Smith, assistant art director  
 James McDermott, assistant editor  
 J. R. Miller, assistant editor  
 Evelyn Goodfield, art assistant  
 Joan Warner, editorial assistant

Chenglong Jellies, cultured seaweeds  
Tropical Shrimps, Inc.

11/11/2019 11:11:11 AM

1000

Advertising representatives: Joseph Castelli  
389 E. 86th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019  
William A. Strauss, 149 W. Washington Street  
Chicago, Ill. 60604  
Glen G. A. Murray, Portland, Maine  
Glenview, Ill. 60045-0102

**Address:** 10000 West 10th Avenue, Suite 100, Denver, CO 80231  
**Phone:** (303) 755-1100  
**Fax:** (303) 755-1101  
**E-mail:** [info@denverpost.com](mailto:info@denverpost.com)  
**Web:** <http://www.denverpost.com>

off his 100th birthday in 1994 by Tropicana Magazine, Inc. (Beverly Hills, Calif.). (LIFE, Vol. 9, No. 8, November 1978) Several long-time associates of a friend of the Post Office in Miami, Fla. (Miami office postage paid at Denver, Colo. Copyright 1984 by Tropicana Magazine, Inc., Denver, Colo.)

MIAMI, Fla. (UPI) — The U.S. Postal Service today announced that it will begin to accept postage paid on U.S. air mail to Canada. Rates per pound for 60 to 80 lbs. items will be 10¢ per pound for foreign postage. No compensation will be accepted for the associated domestic mail. Airways on letters will not be used. The new regulations will take effect in the U.S. on





# glow little glow worm

BY RICHARD F. GALLAGHER

THE SONGWRITER SAID, "YOU'VE GOT TO BE TAUGHT TO LOVE AND TO HATE . . ."

**W**HEN HE MOVED ACROSS THE FLOIDY DET OF THE WIND, FOOTSTEPS SCORCHING ON THE LIGHT BROWN THAT WERE FADING. HE WAS A SCARY MAN WITH KITT SCARS INTO FINE LAMPS AND EYES ONE TWO (DAD NAME) PRESSED INTO BARKEN (DODGE) HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE AND WHEN HE CAME TO THE CROWN DOOR OF HIS MAN, HE FOUND HIM. BUT HE DIDN'T GO IN RIGHT AWAY. INSTEAD HE LEANED ON THE DOOR FRAME, ARMS FOLDED. HE WANTED TO WATCH FIRST. WATON AND LET A BARGE AS GOOD AS THE BROWN BOY AROUND IN HIS SHIRT AND GET BETTER. THEN HE COULD MAKE SURE WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO.

SCALTING IN THE SAND MANURE AND GOOSE STRAY ON THE FLOOR WAS HIS BROTHER. LOOKING LIKE A MUST BEARD PROO WITH WATTED HAIR AND A RIPPING NOSE HE HADN'T HEARD HIM WALK UP AND WAS GRIPPING ONE A PIE OF TWISTED BITS OF CHOCOLATE THAT HAD ONCE BURN STICK MATCHES THREE UNBURNED MATCHES WHEN ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIS FOOT HE PLODGED ONE UP, GRABBING THE BLUE AND WHITE TOP WITH RIGHT HAND AND THEN WITH THE GRACE OF AN ORCHESTRA LEADER SHAKING A BATON. HE SLAMMED IT AT THE CONCRETE FLOOR AND THERE WAS A BEEP OF RAIN AND A DRUM OF BLUE SMOKE. HE SWOONED IN HIS MOUTH IN SOME SORT OF ANIMAL EXCITEMENT AND HELD THE FLAMING MATCH INCHES FROM HIS FACE. NOT TAKING HIS EYES OFF THE FLAME UNTIL IT HAD BURNED DOWN ALMOST TO HIS FINGERS.

HE BURN IT OUT. REACHING FOR THE SECOND MATCH. STRUCK IT AND WATCHED AGAIN. THEN HIS STUBBY ARM GOES PLODGED UP THE LAST MATCH, AND ONCE MORE. THERE WAS THE BETTER AS HE STRUCK IT AND HELD IT UP TO HIS FACE. AS IT BURNED, HIS HEAD BOASTED UP AND BOWY. AND THIS TIME A BOW GLOWING CAME FROM HIS THROAT. SOMETHING LIKE A LATERED HOG WARRIOR GRIPPING STICK AT THE TROUGH HE BURN IT OUT AND DROPPED IT WITH THE OTHERS ON THE SHARP PILE OF FLACKING STUFF, ITAING AT THEM AND SCORING. ONLY THEN DID THE MAN IN THE DOORWAY SPEAK.

"NORM."

THE SCALTING FIGURE TURNED AND LOOKED UP. HE WAS GRIPPING, SHOWING LARGE YELLOW TEETH THAT WERE GRAY AROUND THE GUMS. HIS JAW MOVED MAKING A NOISE LIKE "MAAME WARRVC," AND OTHER SOUNDS THAT WEREN'T SPEECH.

SHAVE. MY NAME, ENOUGH. THE MAN BY THE DOORWAY MADE MY NAME. AND THE DOORWAY WANTS IT SOUND LIKE A BOO-GROAK. HE CAN'T EVEN TRY MY NAME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. (CURRY PAGE)

He watched him stand and his head looked over many measures then went, yet hardly seems to have moved completely erect, but how like a staminate with long arms. The bright eyes were now more red as they lay staring at them.

"Adam!" said Mark again, "I told you what I thought the next time you, only another!" He stepped into the house, and as he looked over from his boots, Adam looked away toward a still, his hands on a level at his feet, still making the initial motion toward.

"Then look away! Adam! Come here, you, nothing more!"

The headless figure stopped, looked and looked away to hands and knees.

"Come, I said, or I'll see you in ten!"

Adam straightened back, looking steadily, trying to please, shaking his head as though a question long with. His chest drew pulled up and down in spasmodic sobs.

"You're laughing, haven't you?" Mark asked. "You're laughing what I said and I'd do it I might see with another again. Say you think it was something but that you and I've found!"

Suddenly his head shot out and, heaving it in a short way, answering the end of Adam's nose with his, laughing now, then back down, and forward again down now.

Then he grabbed Adam by the lapels of a new arrival was old head and nose, and pressed him so suddenly that Adam staggered on his knees, but Mark pulled him to a workbench at the wall of the house.

He grabbed his teacher's wrist and showed it to a pipe rest, the light with a growing circle of light to hold pipe for smoking, and a heavy handle-type chain that wraps over the pipe to keep it steady. Adam pulled back boldly to break his teacher's grip but it wasn't enough.

Mark pressed Adam's wrist into the work, and looked the chain down so that the very lightest movement in the first class. Adam clenched struggling and looked up like a deer at his movement went and then at his teacher. The chain's mechanism enough even to try to get away, Mark thought.

Mark reached into his pocket, and pulled out a new big steel magnet, holding them for Adam to see. Adam's eyes opened with desire and he grinned at them.

"You, Adam, there are for you!" Mark said, "but not for you! Look here!" He showed the magnet against the tip of Adam's index and middle fingers so that the hands were held firmly under the long, dark coils. He took a third magnet, and made an Adam's delight, shook it and let the wooden coils at the other end.

The three moved in a slowly, and Adam

looked about inside. He watched the magnets, eyes round and shiny again.

"You, like that?" Mark grinned. "Then, like to watch the rest about it's going to look yet. Look at it and you, Adam, because to a minute you I did not it's supposed to play with another."

Adam made no movement, however. Then, his head, the chain. He had seen to get close to the box. He was graying with the same to some pleasure. Mark had seen as his face many times before and his head began holding again.

Then the three reached the bench with two magnetisms "good" and the entire house of three in his big fingers, making his shoulder. The entire last coming from the headless man had moved the gun into a corner. He watched, but the chain for him his wrist. Then the opening three did. The magnet were not and he fell across the case, his shoulder leaning in again.

A small of hand of fingers and then to Mark and ordered him a little, but when he saw Adam's head, a small crowd of pleasure moved his middle. Adam's five fingers were spread apart and he worked like the chain at a house that will in this, watching the gun moving. Adam's whole was tight.

"By God!" Mark started into his teacher's twisted line. "You've got to know about smoking another. But, time from, told enough for you, don't they?" Now stand up!

He walked to the bench and loosened the chain. The look had not they into the case and down below. When he was nearly done, Adam shuddered and started jumping up and down, shaking his head. Adam in his mouth and looking there. Then he said to the first morning.

Mark let go. He turned and walked back to the box. He put a spring in his eye. Outside he shouted, "Get Adam's first finger and go inside and get some copper from him!" Adam didn't move right away, but on nothing, looking, a hand down to his eyes that Mark had seen just there before.

Mark left him and went across the money yard and his hand at the passage, then turned back to the house. It was an old house, one of the oldest around, and at one time had been one of the most ornate, with silver's walls, bronze carvings, but wooden cases and goldwork covered the corner that stood up like a church spire. Now it was just a plain square. People walked about the place. Mark left some things scattered about it as he entered the yard to the kitchen. Then, then, another important, it was, just like his other teacher and his master, and the most most people that you'll see like him in a greater corner his teeth. He changed up

into the peak, stepped over a hole where a board had been from, and walked into the kitchen, placing the gun behind the door.

Adam was at the high front passage down his stairs, in "high camp," and coming out of his in order. He held his hand back under the pump with a dark haired, graying young old-fashioned man, worked the pump handle up and down to keep a steady flow of cold water on the figure. But they didn't do much for him, a faded name thing, a few many night special from a South-Indian, cutaway. He had his back to him, and was rubbing Adam's shoulder gently as he pumped.

Mark spoke. "Now. Can the hell away from here!"

She turned her head, and stopped her pumping, and Mark could see the sun shining back from.

"You did it, she knew. "This is my work, now let you."

"I said I would the next time be made smoking. Now get away from here and get away!" He made toward him, his arm extended back, ready to step him.

She began pointing. "Go on his. That's about all you know here in do."

He stepped, put his hand down. "No, I won't let you!" He moved. But then he looked out suddenly, before she could get up his arm to step him, and dug his hands out of his pockets into the wall, both feet at his knees and pushed out. He would almost fall the chain and finger rest. He left his foot back, but he moved in surprise, and a wave of his came to the column, but not enough of it to make her attack him. Adam stepped against the wall, waving for Mark to look at him again, but Mark only grinned.

"That!" he said. "You're wrong. I can do more than just let. I'm a man of courage here. Find the number for him, cut down for you!" He was making something out of his own mind.

He started Adam away from the pump and three more steps in his face. "Now stand up and put out the wire. The pump and I'm out. That pump was around and got another wall going. I walked my last old looking for him but it got dark and I lost the candle so now the chain was the pump. I got to go out early tomorrow!" he said, the words gathering through his fingertips.

They sat, him and Mark at the big round table with a single bottle and glass in the corner, Adam on a stool in the corner near the old stove, leaving his place on his leg, sleeping at the head with a big pipe.

Adam looked out a hole at the new and Mark looked at nothing it into his mouth.

(Continued on page 4)





*"We know she's not really a blonde, and we know she's not really a goddess, but it's the only way we could get her to stay with us."*





# jOYS IN THE ATTIC





"HARRY, LOOK WHAT I  
FOUND IN THE ATTIC  
ARE YOU LISTENING  
DEAR? HARRY, LISTEN!  
NOW YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO BEY ME THAT MINE  
SPOLE SILLY HARRY I  
THOUGHT THAT WOULD  
MAKE YOU LISTEN SEE  
WHAT I FOUND IN THE  
ATTIC? AUNT SARAH'S  
SPOLE ISN'T IT? THE  
BOOKS? SEE UNCLE  
PENEY'S BOOK? NO,  
SILLY HE SAID THIS  
NO HARRY I REALLY  
DON'T WANT A MINE."



A vintage photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a chain necklace and looking upwards. She is in a provocative pose, possibly a burlesque dancer. The background is dark and moody.

LIFE IS NOTHING BUT  
A BOA. HARRY, GET IT,  
A B-O-A! NO, DARNY,  
ANY MAMMA  
PEATHOR PUT TO  
CALLED A BOA, LIKE  
WE SAID, YOU KNOW  
LIFE WOULD BE A BOA  
FOR ME WITHOUT A  
BOA. GET IT? OH,  
HARRY, YOU NEVER  
UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE  
A BOA. GET IT? OK,  
HARRY, FOR THE LAST  
TIME I PROMISE THAT  
I'LL NEVER ASK FOR  
A MINK AGAIN 'TIL  
I'M LONG WITH A BOA!



## DO THE CRITICS STUNT BROADWAY'S MONEY TREE GROWTH? / BY HENRY A. ZEIGER

Who are the six most feared men in the nation? The leaders of the Mafia? Weird Communist agents plotting the destruction of the free world? Homicidal juveniles lurking in doorways with switchblades at the ready? Nah. The six most feared men in America are the rumpled gentlemen whose faces bear perpetually pained expressions at the thought of the misery they have caused, who shuffle about their dread business in the bustle of the biggest city in the United States. The six most feared men in America are the Broadway critics for the New York newspapers.

Actors curse them, authors quake before them, and even Mr. David Merrick, who could probably buy out all their employers with the profits of one of his hit shows, is occasionally moved to protest that these are reckless, power-mad egomaniacs whose every chance word sows destruction.

The six men always protest that they wouldn't hurt a fly, that they love everybody, that they are overflowing with good will to men, yet the people of the theater regard them as omnipotent gods who control their world with a brush of the pen.

The truth lies somewhere between these two extremes. The critics are not all-powerful. Take a modestly tuneful musical relating to life in the garment district, star Sam Levene and several leggy blondes, and no matter how many abominations the critics cast at the forthcoming production, chances are fairly good that everyone concerned will make a lot of money. However, take a serious play concerned with a vital problem in our lives, and the critics do have a life and death power. Worse, this power is concentrated in even fewer than six men. Worse still, these men must go absolutely "gaga" with praise for a serious play to stand any kind of a chance.

There is a standard package you can sell people, and

men: this means that they can be sent to an event and come back to the office to write copy about the event in time for the first edition. They are not, and they seldom pretend to be, anything else.

Their idea of their work is that they are just another guy who has been given a ticket to see a show and that their opinion of it is no better than any other guy's. This conception does great credit to their modesty, but it is seldom modesty which we desire in a critic. A critic is supposed to know something about what he is criticizing. The daily critics have at best a nodding acquaintance with the great plays of the past, and none of them knows a great deal about acting, directing, or scene design.

This does not mean that these men hurt the theater because they fail to guide its budding artists. The idea that the critic has much of an effect on practicing artists is illusory. The great artist, the man with a vision which he wishes to project at no matter what cost, will not listen to anybody. Mediocrities listen to anybody, and in the theater this means that they are much more apt to get practical guidance from the likes of Mr. Hal Prince, Mr. Herman Shumlin, or Mr. Kermit Bloomgarden, who tell them things like: "Why don't you change the main character's sex, shoot the mother in the second act, and have the hero die on Christmas or is it Easter, Max?"

The critic's function is, in some small, indirect way, to elevate the taste of the surrounding society. This means that a critic should be a man of definite opinions, have an idea of what theater should be, and have a notion of who is doing what: i.e. whether the actor is murdering the scene or whether the scene is so poorly written that there is no conceivable way for any man to put it over.

On all these counts, almost all the critics fail abomin-

There is a standard package you can sell people, and

On all these counts, almost all the critics fall short.

no matter how many supposedly informed individuals try to point out that what they are buying is not particularly good, the customers will buy it anyway. The audience attracted by Broadway theaters have developed certain low tastes, and they will fulfill them no matter how often they are advised not to. What these audiences have not developed is any continuing regard for serious drama, and in these matters they tend to take the word of certain lesser sports reporters and obituary writers employed by the New York dailies.

The terrible six are, with one exception, singularly unqualified critics. They are first and foremost caven-

ers. The effect of this failure is not confined solely to the sales who attend the theater in New York, although of course, that is where their misjudgments have their most direct effect. New York is the theater capital of the United States, and despite some quaint notions of separate theaters in other large cities, the fact remains that what goes in New York is accepted as theater in the provinces, and that what doesn't go in New York is forever consigned to the outer darkness. Also, it should be mentioned that if New York critics are bad, there is no language sufficiently profane for those who review plays for "out-of-town" audiences. (next page)



The overwhelming impression that one gets if one is exposed to any great body of the Broadway critics' work, is that they do not know how to write and that they do not know what they want to say. Instant reviewing is a genuinely difficult assignment, but the minimal qualifications which our boys bring to their task must make it harder still.

Surely, it is not too much to expect that a critic have an opinion of what he has just seen. After all, that is the primary reason these gentlemen are read: "Is it good or bad? Should we go or not?" We want to know. Yet stating this opinion is just what these men in many cases do not want to do.

Most productions in the theater are not all black or all white, and qualifications and reservations must be stated or implied. But our critics, when confronted with this situation, tend to duck the points at issue and take refuge in vague chit-chat or background information. Brooks Atkinson, when confronted with a Shakespeare presentation, could always be counted on to tell you about the scenery. I remember one particularly impressive, wholly fictitious, ramble on the effect of a raked stage on a production of *Othello*, which featured a singularly godawful Othello. Mr. Atkinson's problem on these occasions, was that he knew Shakespeare to be a cultural good which he felt obliged to promote, but he felt, rightly, that the Bard of Avon was not being faithfully served by those who had charge of the proceedings. Since he generally had not the foggiest notion of what was really happening on stage, he would search desperately for something to write about when he returned to his cozy niche at the *Times*, and the next morning New York would read how graceful and truly impressive the draperies were.

Mr. Atkinson was a distinct improvement on the late Wolcott Gibbs, critic of long-standing at the *New Yorker*, who reportedly often arrived at his first night seat three sheets to the wind, and who upon similar occasions wrote reviews that might have been titled, "How fortunate was Shakespeare that he lived before real playwrights like Sidney Kingsley or John van Druten could show him up."

Still, being completely off the subject is perhaps preferable to making a stab at it and missing so completely that no one can ever be sure what you said. Several years ago the *World-Telegram* had as its principal critic a certain Frank Aston who so successfully said nothing one way or the other about any slightly puzzling production (and to Mr. Aston, I think, they were all puzzling), that his editor dispatched him. However, this worthy tradition by no means left town on the same freight with Mr. Aston, and only a few

weeks back, Mr. Richard Watts of the *New York Post* produced this gem on the subject of Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*: "His conclusion appears to be that one must realize that it is a lie to speak of infinite love in a world of confused relationships and ideas if any rational existence is to be maintained and made bearable."

This sentence has beauties far beyond that of ordinary prose. It looks as if it means something and seems eminently proper to say on such an august occasion as the opening of a new Arthur Miller metaphysical inquiry, but it actually avoids making any sense at all. Up until the "if" Mr. Watts is clear enough, but after that he loses me and the rest of the English speaking world. Would it be the truth to speak of infinite love etc. if we didn't want to maintain a rational existence?

Mr. Watts would probably excuse himself by saying that he was rushed, the light was poor, his dinner disagreed with him; but I think that his kind of gray writing which looks like it ought to be saying something ponderous is a wonderful success, at least for him. Current critics don't want to say anything; they above all don't want to be sounded and found empty, so the realms of pretentious gibberish which they produce are strictly functional and serve their purposes admirably.

However, the generally abysmal writing of the critics has had the fortunate effect of diverting attention from the reports of Mr. John McClain of the *Journal-American* and Mr. Norman Nadel of the *World Telegram*. This is not wholly because what these gentlemen write is so far beneath the prevailing standard, but because it has more to do with the current cultural status of the organs for which they produce their reviews. In matters affecting the arts what the *Times* and *Herald-Tribune* have to say is important, and what anyone else may care to add is generally nowhere. The only way in which a critic could escape this bind is to write more knowingly or more amusingly than his fellows, and this Messrs. McClain and Nadel definitely avoid doing.

Mr. McClain is the sole remaining critic in the big town who can occasionally be made to protest that something or other he sees is "in bad taste." The quaint charm that this moral stance lends his reports is unfortunately not supported by the exceedingly leaden quality of the surrounding sentences.

Mr. Nadel, on the other hand, is very much aware that he is reporting on the arts and that what he is writing about concerns the Beautiful and the True. When reviewing anything with pretensions he can generally be counted on to strive

for some fine effect and in so doing fall flat on his face. His peroration to Miller's *After the Fall* (which, not unexpectedly, brought out the worst in many reviewers) went: "There is more than truth in *After the Fall*, more than drama in Kazan's staging of it. There is, in Miller's writing, an occasional cadence of poetry. 'How few the days are that hold the mind in place like a tapestry on four or five books . . .'. Many such lines emerge, comfortable in dialogue, yet musical by themselves. A beautiful, remarkable play." (If a few more such lines had emerged the audience would probably still be rolling in the aisles.)

Mr. John Chapman of the *Daily News* writes for a journal of no cultural aspirations whatsoever. He, therefore, is not as "important" a critic as some, but he possesses certain unique virtues. He is unimpressed by large intentions and if a show bores him he is liable to walk out. He is at least honest in expressing his opinions and usually has an opinion to express. On the ordinary commercial product and the play with the Big Theme and the Rotten Writing, he is a sound man. His mind seems to be that of the ordinary man of affairs who finds himself in the playhouse; from this vantage point he expresses himself fluently.

Unfortunately, such a mind is not equipped to judge anything truly original or finely drawn. Since this kind of experience is the best the theater has to offer, Chapman is a very limited critic who will miss the boat on most of what is really important.

Mr. Richard Watts of the *Post* is, due to several cultural and sociological peculiarities of the New York theater scene, a good man to have in your corner. His habit of beating around the bush has already been noted. What must be added here is that Mr. Watts is often thought of as the nicest person in New York. That is because he can always find a reason to suspect that your heart is in the right place and congratulate you for it. It is also because he continually expresses opinions which everybody else in New York always has ready on the tip of their tongues. Let there be a play about Negroes in the South, and Mr. Watts will tell you how it is about time that everybody should have his rights in this country. Let someone mention the atom bomb, and Mr. Watts is quick to add that it is a dangerous thing. He is a walking gold mine of liberal clichés, and there is nothing people think more satisfying than to have their own glib sentiments thrown back to them by a supposedly intelligent person. What people will not find in Mr. Watts are original thoughts or a sensitivity to

(Continued on page 16)





*"Those bloodcurdling screams may cost you the decision."*

**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**

the thoroughly sensible nature of most of what he is called upon to judge. And, perhaps Mr. Wren never admits, even though they are more germane to his law, that as a critic that, those possessing old charms, his whole he is so consistently unbiased.

Mr. Tolson said the Bureau is a very important office. He has only been at the present task for a short time, having moved over from the justice department. By and large he reassured the members of the board, but his official writing which was previously submitted by Franka, Adelman, who, after several theories of espionage, proved an indifference that a theme was raised with him. I don't recall anyone saying that a document he cannot allow himself to be raised as a London, there is some.

The other thing to note about Mr. Treadwell is that in marriage, like Mr. Afters, he is a most worthy man, the most prominent of which is all Broadway did Broadway, in there, is really a worthy man. What could be better than young man performing entire new plan to world-spread change in a thoroughly professional manner in all the state into domain, national, international, etc. himself.

In *Jealousy*, however, off Broadway is high on the menu, along with two contemporary comedies changing their 1940s stage and screen Shakespeare, *Children and Bicycles*. There is less in store in that venue. The *Modern Theatre* seems strongly influenced by the classics, or perhaps by simply too many of them, but these plays can be longer and there are other offerings on the main menu, usually by Wein. The point is that you can't miss the Theatre's classy nature and go anywhere to see that there are more and more of them, every

Unfortunately, these three disappointed do not conclude that the Teachers are wrong or that they will never again trust the trust, but continue to work at the companies that they themselves are responsible to great all. Nevertheless, not knowing that a very enjoyable reading, they passed on to say to his from the theories as they see, but it is all about them and they do a little that brightness and. The fact is that they are more capable of appreciating a decent production or I surely do not know the capacity, to the Teachers apparently does, is severely damaged their business when conducted by Teachers in the area.

By the other hand Mr. Walter Rorer of the Standard-Examiner is not a wholly clear-sighted creature. He is partly reading, as is Mr. Chapman, when he looks across upon New York County-seat, with such a dispassionate, but ill-considered observation.

But to show that only study centers in New York state has any real background in research, I must remind you a New York

in the subject of *Enchiridion Hermeneuticum*. At the same time, he demonstrates a certain incapacity to perform these things, but his Kant is clear all the while: the idea to measure and decide with a touch of words the *Rein* contents of literature written as a kind of poetry message, the object of which is to create a beautiful idea which will represent certain meaning and truth. Unfortunately, this whole conception is also, unfortunately, very lacking and clearly demonstrates his clear incapacity and personal

Mr. Kane's proclamatory faculty is a form of metaphysics and ethics. Across the last century as a certain type of man with a certain use of his body and patterns of movement, shows a certain elegance. He is, Mr. Kane's friends think, our leader: "His legs," says one, "appear to be whirling a vast mass of whirling, winds above his head, setting us upon their axes and so thrusting us upwards."<sup>1</sup>

[illegible]

Made from tanning skins and glass. The Fox Fall resembles a real waterfall. Arthur Miller came to a point and from which he emerges as the person who everything that under the way. Mr. Kane's other interesting is in its wanting to let out of the legs. A few years back he painted a book which proved that all good things was possible and that all popular dreams was good. The amount of these propositions is proportionate to his own sense in balance it, and when he comes a play that is up to be good in themselves, he is hidden in every way one of the best of reasons for its alleged success.

Two final comments of these individual beliefs by us merely emphasize the fact of the extreme divergent cases in which they collectively reflect our perhaps more than any individual community. Of these, one of the most surprising is their belief in putting services, colleges and army, as noted cases who are the so wrong. Helen Hayes falls in the latter category; she has been a twice a before and

Miss Haynes is attractive only when playing a violent role, person with great moral possibilities or other, but she is completely a creature of strong emotions. Most of the time she looks severely to her make-up, especially the eyebrows. The emotion

struggled her way into a Jean Harlow impersonation of a few seasons back. *Fun Home* is the play. The play is a light comedy but the part Max Mayer played had been acted by Margaret Rutherford in a London rehearsal.

Now the difference between Miss Rutherford and Miss Hays is roughly the distance between the two cities they returned to. Miss Hays offered a kindly, maternal sympathy, but one still preserving all the usual social graces. Miss Rutherford, on the other hand, was a study unto all "her" who dwell in some private world here, where she unconsciously manages to combine sympathy with the character of a good bar-tender as confidence would be wanting all but those women by the name who have less, instead. As it happens, Miss Rutherford was very much all right by the rule, and Miss Hays very much all wrong.

The audience never noticed a thing. They must have assumed that nobody was laughing, very much. But then they knew it was French humor and that meant you must have. Audiences who read the reviews of *Miss Hopes'* sparkling performance, and those doubtful if members of the second set, must have figured the same thing.

The determinants of the pricing is an in-substantiable subject. Having come that far I have concluded that it is not really worth it back to the subject. Such a great waste as to the slightest bit of profit. The top table can see during the hour they are and they will appreciate it precisely the same as when for the rest of those days. It is always possible to plan with a time to be even better toward the future, but I am not interested in this, in the present instance. Indeed, I am asking the owner to become suddenly wise and sensitive to something they have been expected to be so long that any sensitivity they were presumed that they must have needed by those outside of such.

The only other possibility is that the newspaper would require some respectability for at least nominally mature persons to work for it. When Mr. Robinson left his chair at the Times, it was reported that Mr. Harold Chace might get the job. Mr. Chace, one of the founders of the Century Theater and a longtime editor of the Times, would have been at least an ideal choice if it were possible. He did not get the job; the next newspaper, because the managing editor was afraid he couldn't get types fast enough to make the early edition.

The story may not be true, but the article it reports perfectly represents that of the powers that be seventh Avenue these days.

## SEX ON THE ROCKS

THE CASE WAS SUPPOSED TO SET THE  
DISCIPLINARY SECTION BY DON HANDE







Joe Gosh was by far the most enterprising guy in our outfit. He had more schemes for making money than a monkey has nuts. Once, coming back from a foray in Japan, he turned up with two cases of scotch whiskey which he sold for something like forty dollars a bottle. Another time, just after he arrived in Korea and stood up the situation, he sent away via a mail order catalogue to the States for one of those rubber bathbats that you inflate and set it up near the creek behind the Command Post and filled it with water and was selling baths for fifty cents. When the warmer weather set in Joe made a good deal of money. The thing was large enough for two, but even so you had to stand in line quite often. Joe would sit there teasing the guys with the wrenwatch he had gotten in exchange for a bottle of scotch, sometimes throwing in the remark that for a dose he would wash their backs and damned if he didn't have a few of those laid too. When our top bunk, Sergeant Cole, heard about the bath business he blew his apple and called it "un-democratic" and "outrageous" and a few other things, and one afternoon went over and blew the tub full of holes with a .45.

"It doesn't fair me," Joe said that night, lying back in his bunk. Flaming smoke rings into the cool, dark air. "In fact I'd been thinking of getting out of the laundry business anyway. I've been working on something better."

"What's that?" I asked.

"You'll see," Joe said.

I was standing guard one night when Joe came riding up the road in a jeep. I flagged him down, according to the rules of the post, and walked over.

"Where've you been?" I asked.

"Said," he said.

"Business?" I asked.

"Business," he affirmed.

"What's in this time?" I asked. "Another bath-bat?"

"Not so fast," Joe said. "That's kid stuff. I've got something better."

"What?" I asked.

He looked around at the dark. (next page)

suspiciously. The post was very dark and quiet. "Where's Cole?" he asked.

"He's not around," I said.

"Good," Joe said. "Right now I'd rather see a Chinese division than him."

"You got whiskey?"

"I've got something better."

"What could be better?"

Joe looked at me and grinned. He had a kind of little boy's slow grin that always implied mischief.

I said, "The only thing better than whiskey would be . . ."

"Shhh," Joe said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, and now for the first time I noticed that he had something in the back seat, a large bundle like a bag of laundry. And then I swore that it stirred. I took a closer look. (After all, I was on guard.) It stirred again.

"No," I whispered.

"Yes," Joe said with obvious pride, turning around.

"It can't be," I said.

"It is," Joe said. He reached his hand back and patted it. It stopped stirring.

"From Seoul?" I asked.

Joe nodded. He was obviously damned pleased with himself.

"Let me have a look," I said.

"Not here, man," Joe said. "Hop in."

I climbed over the door and sat down and we drove a little ways up the road until we were comfortably past the post, then he pulled off the road into a little clump of trees where it was very dark and secluded, and parked. Joe switched off the ignition. We got out and he leaned over into the back seat and began untying the top of the bag, saying something quietly in Korean. He hadn't learned much Korean but he had learned the right words, I guess. As soon as he had the bag opened out popped a head and I was staring face to face with a young female Korean. She smiled shyly at me, her white teeth small and even. She was quite attractive, with small dark eyes and a pleasant coquettish face.

"Koko," Joe said.

"Oh brother," I said.

"She'll be a gold mine up here," Joe said.

"Uranium," I said.

"She's no dummy either," Joe said. "She knows the score."

"Good," I said. "Let's start the game."

"Take it easy, man. We've got to get her settled first."

"I suppose you've got that all figured out."

"Damn right," Joe said. "I've got a place all fixed up in the rocks. There's a small cave there. I've been fixing it up for a couple weeks now. I've got a mattress and blankets and some food up there."

"You're a genius," I said.

"Damn right," Joe said, patting Koko

fondly on the head. She smiled very shyly.

"How you going to work this?" I asked.

"Leave it to me," Joe said.

"Does she understand English?"

"All she understands is Joe Geeb," Joe said. "Right?" he said to Koko, nodding, and she—head sticking up out of the bag—nodded and smiled. "She'll do anything I say."

"Does she know what you're going to say?" I asked.

"She knows everything."

"You're going to keep her up in the rocks?" I asked.

"Believe me, that cave is more comfortable than your bunker."

"What happens if Cole finds out?"

"Why does he have to find out? Who's going to tell him?"

"Not me," I said.

"Listen," Joe said, "I'm going to get her up there now. Don't say anything yet to anybody."

"Don't worry," I said.

Joe went thumbs down and the head popped down and disappeared as neatly as something in a vaudeville act. Joe winked at me and got into the jeep and took off. I began walking back down the road, feeling better already.

I saw Joe the next day and he said that everything was set. After mess we went up to the rocks. It wasn't an easy climb nor was it an easy place to find (although none of the boys ever complained about it). The cave was tucked beneath a craggy overhanging ledge, and if you didn't know just where it was you couldn't find it in a month. When Joe led me into the cave, I was surprised that one of those places could have ever been so civilized. The entrance was very small, you had to crouch to get through, but inside you could stand up straight (although there wasn't going to be much of that in here). It was fairly deep, too. It was dark and cool and Joe had made it look fairly comfortable, especially with Koko lying there on the little cot mattress, and for a second I remembered what one of the medics had said a few weeks before: "Who the hell would want to steal one of those mattresses?"

Koko smiled when we came in. She had the smile all right. She was wearing dark slacks and a white sweater. She looked pretty trim. Joe sat down on a large flat rock and lit a cigarette.

"Y'know," he said, "I've been dreaming of something like this all my life. I can make a fortune here."

"Cole would love to catch you at this," I said.

"He won't. I'm always one jump ahead of that boy."

Koko just couldn't take her eyes off him. Joe had that way with people. It didn't necessarily mean that she was in

love with him, just that she was fascinated or hypnotized by his brash, buoyant charm. Every so often he would smile at her, not affectionately or condescendingly either, but in a sort of impish way, like one lighthearted conspirator to another.

"I can see this working out fine," Joe said. "Just fine."

Well it did work out fine. The word spread and soon Joe had the whole company climbing up through the rocks. He knew a few of the little tricks too. He had bought a hundred or so of these tiny lockets that you wore around your neck—traded cigarettes for them actually, he seldom bought anything—and told Koko to give one to each fellow that came in, as sort of a remembrance, or, as Joe described it, "the personal touch." He figured the boys would like that, and they certainly did. They all wore them around their necks or had them on chains and were just as proud of them as they would have been of Distinguished Service Medals.

Cole knew something was going on all right. He was too good a man, had been Regular Army for too long not to know that something was going on. And he was also too shrewd not to watch Joe Geeb as Joe had been in the middle of too many of these things before. He began watching Joe all the time, his gnarled sour face and thin shrewd skeptical eyes following Joe wherever the latter went. It was because Cole was so intent upon watching Joe that he tended to overlook the rest of the scene—which consisted of eager young G.I.'s disappearing up into the rocks all the time.

This went on for weeks. Joe walked around whistling and maintaining this angelic innocence that infuriated Cole. They would pass each other in the mess hall or by the creek or somewhere else and Joe would smile and Cole would glare—sometimes even stop cold and turn and watch Joe's monochantal swinging gait, listening furiously to Joe's maddening light-hearted whistling.

Then, after this excruciating surveillance failed, Cole struck upon a different tack. He stopped concentrating exclusively upon Joe and began watching the rest of us. He moved around the post like a predatory shadow, watching everything and everybody. I could see this and warned Joe about it.

"You'd better get her out of there while you're still ahead," I said.

"Are you crazy?" Joe said. "I'm raking in a fortune. I've even got guys coming over from Company F. This can spread through the whole Eighth Army."

"What are you planning on doing—fixing up every goddam cave in Korea with a girl?"

"I don't know what you're so jumpy

I Want  
A Girl  
Just Like  
The Girl  
That  
Excited  
**Dear,  
Old  
Grand-  
dad...**





*The times haven't changed much, have they? We were just dressing when we thought that good old Granddad needed for a needed peek at a "well-turned ankle" in preference to the obviously delightful charms of our paltry-bellious Vincenzo. Please note that ankles are "bawdy" ankle.*







about. Nobody will find out about her."

"Cole is on to you. He knows you're in something again. It's only a matter of time before he catches on."

"He'll never dig it. He's too blind. He thinks too much of himself to even think of anything like this going on under his nose."

"He'll have to find out sooner or later. Do you realize how many guys know about it and how many more are going to find out? How long do you think that many guys can hold a secret?"

"Don't worry about the Geeb," Joe said. "He'll get you court-martialed," I said.

"Listen, worrybutt," Joe said, "if it ever comes down to me and Cole I can take care of him. I don't care how much he might happen to have on me, I can out-fuck him even when he's got me by the short hairs."

Well that was Joe. Confidence supreme. It wasn't just egotism. There was a lot of honest self-confidence in him which he never lost, not even when we were on the line—which is a pretty good test.

It was beginning to show on Cole. He was getting more and more irascible every day. It was becoming an obsession. One night—I had pulled guard again—he came by talking to himself. "It isn't whiskey," he muttered. "They've been cockeyed sober . . . too sober . . . and it isn't a table because I'd of spotted that . . . it's something though . . . something."

I suppose there's a chance that it might have gone on indefinitely if Sanderson hadn't come up with that sore on his lip. The word got around as fast as though it were a rumor of an armistice. Cole came walking by the medic's tent and saw the lineup there—there must have been about forty of them, waiting for blood tests. And none of them were too happy about The Geeb either. As soon as Cole saw them the light went on. He went straight to Joe's bunk.

"All right," he said, storming in.

"All right what?" Joe asked blandly.

"There's forty guys lined up in front of the medic. The first guy has a sore on his mouth. Now before they come in here and open you up with rusty bayonets I want you to tell me where she is."

"Who?" Joe said, his face still innocent, even injured.

Cole—who was a fairly big and very rugged man—reached down and picked Joe up from the cot with one hand and stood him up straight. "Where is she?" he asked again, quietly this time, his voice indicating that Joe had no more margin left and had better not suppose that he had. Joe was bright enough to realize this and not push any further.

"I'll show you," Joe said.

"You've syphed up the whole company,"

Cole said.

25—caper

"That hasn't been proved yet," Joe said.

"She's clean. I'll bet on that."

"Come on. Let's bring her out."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to do you a favor."

Joe looked at him warily. "Such as?"

Cole pushed him toward the door.

"Move out," he said. "And you'd better avoid those guys by the medic. You wouldn't stand a chance."

They cut around the back way and went up toward the rocks. Cole had a smooth, almost smug, look on his face, as though he knew he had a good move up his sleeve.

"This shouldn't hit you so hard," Joe said. "God, even the colonel keeps one in his place in Seoul."

"You leave the colonel out of this," Cole said heatedly. Cole idolized the old man, had served under him ever since North Africa.

They got up to the cave and ducked inside. Koko smiled ingratiatingly at Cole and started to hand him one of the lockets, but Joe shook his head and Koko's smile turned to a frown as Cole just stood there and glared down at her.

"Geeb," Cole said, "I've waited a long time for this."

"Listen, Sarge," Joe said. "Do what you want with me, but give her a break."

Cole snickered. "That's mighty gallant of you. But you know damned well that you'd sell a thousand like her down the river to save your neck."

Joe shrugged.

"She's been around," Cole said. "She knows, she knows."

Koko, who neither spoke nor understood English (except for some of Joe's scrambled variety) was sitting there staring quite bewilderedly from one to the other.

"She's just a kid," Joe said.

"I said I was going to do you a favor," Cole reminded him. "I'm not going to turn either of you in."

Joe remained wary of that. He watched Cole who had turned to him now, grinning sardonically.

"Not a bit of that," Cole said.

"No?"

"You know I could though. And you know what would happen if I did. You and this beauty would have a long time to think things over."

Joe nodded, rubbing his finger down the bridge of his nose.

"You must think a mighty lot of this girl," Cole said. "Of all the prostitutes in Seoul you brought her up here to pimp off to your buddies. You must think an awful lot of her."

Joe was rubbing around the point of his chin now, still watching Cole.

"So," Cole said, "being that you have this unusual affection for this girl I'm

going to do you the great favor of seeing that you and her become cemented in the holy bonds of matrimony."

Joe's hand dropped. He stared at Cole, then at Koko, then back to Cole. It didn't take him more than thirty seconds—he told me later—to come up with his solution.

"That's a pretty cool move," he said.

"But you can't do it."

"Oh no?"

"She's already got one."

"One what?"

"One husband."

Cole looked down at her. Koko smiled up at him.

"I don't believe it," Cole said.

"Ask her," Joe said.

Cole looked back to him. "You know I can't talk that monkey talk."

"It's true just the same."

"All right," Cole said. "So she's got a husband. So you think that takes you off the hook. Well it doesn't. Because now I'm bringing you in—the both of you."

"You don't want to do that," Joe said.

"Don't I?" Cole said, sweetly, venomously.

"Look, Sergeant. We've been together for quite a while out here. We've gone through combat together, hardships, and all that. We haven't always seen eye to eye, but just the same I feel kind of close to you. I look up to you. All the boys do."

Cole was nodding, the sarcasm bright across his face.

"Sure, sure, sure," he said.

"No, I'm dead serious," Joe said. "You want to hook us up. Well I'll tell you something you're not going to believe. I would marry her if I could. She's a terrific girl. I brought her up here as a morale builder. The boys needed something like her. She's got a terrific personality."

"They've been paying five dollars to come up here and listen to her talk Korean."

"Of course not. But listen Sarge, you don't want to bring us in on this. How would it look for the company? I mean having a fine old Top who let something like this go on right under his nose for all these weeks? What would the old man say?"

That hit Cole pretty straight. He had—like most of those old timers—a terrific pride.

"We could ease her out of here tonight and no one would ever know about it," Joe said.

"What about those guys down at the medic?"

"I tell you she's clean," Joe said.

"All right. Assuming she is. Then what?"

"You just let me pack her up and take her back to Seoul. I'll kiss her goodbye, let her fade back into the crowd . . ." Joe spread his arms apart to indicate the simplest logic.

(Continued on page 28)



# LEGENDARY LUSHES

FROM BUM TO BARON. OLD BOOZERS ARE BEST BY M. M. MARSHURY

"You've heard the long story enough. 'Joe and I polished off a bottle of whiskey last night,' a friend says. 'Man, I've never seen such drinking.' On some one remarks with awe: 'Chasley sure can put it away.' 'Whereby'whereby he drank five quarts of beer."

Brother, the next time you hear such remarks by a madman, say mumbly-jumbo dratton, tell him about the real questioned drinkers of the past. Tell him about a tippler named Young Bill Fennell, for instance.

Young Bill Fennell, a Londoner, inherited \$600 pounds when he came of age in 1755. Fennell decided to use the money to make a name for himself. Now, some people might get temporary renown by making an orphanage or giving cash to a church, but Fennell was not pious-minded. He decided he would go down in history as a great drinker. He vowed that for the rest of his life he would drink no water. Only the best stuff would suffice his lips.

Young Bill Fennell laid down what might be called a respectable will. He purchased four runs of poor

12 dozen bottles of brandy and a cask of claret. 11 hogsheads of ale and 100 kags of beer. 19 barrels of porter and 50 gallons of gin, and enough whiskey to make 400 bottles of punch.

Then he sat down, took off his belt, and started drinking. It took him exactly ten years to lap it all up, which means that, day in and day out, he averaged drinking seven quarts of the stuff. Fennell, a man who could put it away, was truly named.

The citizens of London were so impressed by Young Bill Fennell's capacity that they moved a statue in his honor when he died. And he died the night the cellar was finally emptied, aged 15—no, clearly he felt he had nothing else to live for. Thus the name Young Bill.

As for your pal who drank the five quarts of beer as an afternoon-drunk. Tell him about the case of Big Ralph Wadhamston and Robert Rowles, staged in London in 1813. Each prided himself on his capacity for porter. A mixture of ale and stout that was about

five times the strength of beer as we know it today. Whoever drank the most porter in an hour's time—without leaving his seat—was to be declared the champ.

Rawlins got away to a fast start, downing seven quarts of porter in the first sixteen minutes. Big Ralph was not worried. He was taking it easy, pacing himself, and only got away with five quarts. Rawlins forged further ahead, disposing of the amazing amount of 11 quarts at the end of 55 minutes. Big Ralph, who had quickened the pace and was now within a quart of him, then brought psychology into play. "Bring on half a dozen more bottles!" he cried, smacking his lips as if suddenly thirsty. This was too much for Rawlins. He made a headlong dive for the john. Big Ralph stayed put and within the specified hour's time had drunk 13 quarts, a record to this day. "Mighty good porter," Big Ralph told the awed spectators.

William Pitt, England's great Prime Minister, was another Briton who seemed to have a vanadium lined stomach and a bladder the size of a watermelon. Pitt drank nothing but port—100 proof port that was stronger than most of the whiskey sold today. Wherever Pitt was, during his waking hours, a port bottle was always near at hand. Pitt always explained that he drank for medicinal purposes. "As a child he had been sickly, and the docs had suggested he drink a few drops of wine for the stomach's sake.

At the time, a prodigious drinker of port was known as a three-bottle man, an expression that has come down to us today, although many people think this refers to beer. On Kent Road in London today there is a tavern which bears a placard attesting to the fact that Pitt had drunk six bottles of port in one sitting.

Port caught up with Pitt. In his later years he still had the yen for the drink but not the ability to consume it. His hands were so palsied that he could not lift the glass to his lips. This problem was solved by his loyal friends, who would pour the stuff down his throat. Pitt died aged 47.

About 25 years ago in Newark, New Jersey, a man named Jodie Burr won \$5 in a drinking contest that attracted the attention of hard drinking longshoremen. A man in a saloon was demonstrating how easy it was to drink a pint of beer in one gulp. This trick, of course, has been accomplished by many people. "That's kid stuff," said Jodie. "I can drink a pint of brandy without taking my mouth off the bottle."

Jodie proceeded to do just that. "See how easy it is?" he said, collecting his five dollar bet. He then headed out of the bar to buy a new hat. When he reached the door he fell down dead.

There is a man with a much more celebrated name who could put away far more brandy than Jodie Burr. He is Winston Churchill, who reputedly until he was 80 consumed a bottle of cognac every day. Churchill

was in the United States one time and spotted a tank car on a siding. He declared that the brandy he had drunk in his life would fill the tank car to overflowing. The experts got out their slide rules and figured that, as usual, Winston was right.

Once, after World War II, that golden liquid, brandy, was saluted in the House of Commons. It was described as "the drink that enabled the Prime Minister, aided by his bottle a day, to carry on his noble work to a successful conclusion." A member of the House rose and asked, "Are we speaking of a pint bottle of brandy or a quart bottle?" No one answered the question, but Churchill was heard to mutter, "Do they put out brandy in those little pint bottles?"

One of England's blue-bloods, the Duke of Clarence, was so fond of Malmsey that he often declared he would like to die drinking his favorite wine. Years later, strangely enough, his wish was granted. The Duke was caught plotting against the king and sentenced to death. He was allowed to choose how he should die. The Duke asked to be drowned in Malmsey wine.

He was led to the "gallows"—a hogshod containing 140 gallons of Malmsey. Clarence was stripped of his clothing, given a few preliminary swallows of Malmsey to warm up, so to speak, and then was thrown headfirst into the vat. He tried to drink his way out but was drowned. The jailors then started drinking up the Malmsey. One turnkey, clearly no seasoned drinking man, complained the wine had "a peculiar taste."

One of the most notorious drinkers in history was the noted Greek professor, Richard Porson, who had a body deficiency that made him perpetually thirsty. Porson, an Englishman, would drink anything, water excepted, of course. He declared drinking water made him feverish, and he had to protect his health.

One day a friend visited Porson and said he would like to take a bath. The friend deposited two bottles on the mantelpiece before getting into the tub. When he had finished bathing he looked around for the bottles and found they had disappeared. "I drank them," Porson explained, "because they were there." The friend was aghast. He explained that one bottle had contained rubbing alcohol, the other Linaloöl, an old form of turpentine. Porson was not dismayed. "The Linaloöl has a nicer bite to it," he remarked unconcernedly.

Porson once visited Hoppner, the portrait painter, and demanded a drink. Hoppner explained his wife was a prohibitionist and would not permit a drop of liquor to be kept in the house. To Porson, this was proof that Mrs. Hoppner was a hypocrite, a secret drinker. "She's got a bottle hidden somewhere, in her bedroom likely, that she sucks on from time to time," he said. Hoppner was indignant, but he was taken aback when Porson searched the bedroom and indeed found a bottle stowed deep in a closet. Porson downed the contents and pronounced it the best (turn page)

Cole thought it over for a moment. "All right," he said. "All right. Get her the hell out of here. Just get her the hell out of here."

It turned out that all Sanderson had was a cold sore, that Koko had been clean after all. Naturally the boys were distressed when they learned that she was gone. All Joe said was that she had wanted to go back. He took her back the same way she had got there—in a jeep at night, concealed in the same large duffel bag. He let her out in Seoul and came back and said that that was the end of her.

And that would have been the end of

her as far as we were concerned, except for a little incident that occurred one evening while Joe and I were cleaning up the colonel's quarters. The old man came back from Seoul while we were there and he was in a very good humor. He said good evening to us, which was quite a mouthful for him. Cole came in with some reports, so the three of us were there. The colonel took off his tunic and loosened his collar and sat down behind the desk. Cole was handing him the reports and he saw it first. He just stopped dead, his eyes glazing for a moment. I looked at him and followed his gaze. There was one of those little lockets, right

around the old man's neck. Joe, who was sweeping, saw it just then too. He stopped and leaned on his broom and grinned. Cole turned and glared at him, murderously. The old man looked up at us, still jovial as hell. I turned away. This was too much. Cole became flustered and started to shuffle his sheet of reports. But Joe. He had to say something.

"That's a mighty fine piece of jewelry you have there, sir," he said.

The old man bent his head to have a look at it, all his chins rolling up under him. He looked up at Joe, smiling coyly.

"An old family heirloom. Private," he said. "Just an old family heirloom." □

**Legendary Lushes** (Continued from page 27)

gin he ever had tasted. He asked Hoppner to find out from his wife where she bought such a wonderful intoxicant. Hoppner was upset, learning his wife was a secret imbibor, and told her he was going to divorce her. "That was spirits of alcohol to use in the lamp," she informed him witheringly. The teetotaling wife was divorced and lived to a happy old age. Porson, the cause of it all, died at 49. There must be a moral here somewhere.

People who knew Porson had no idea what he was like when sober, because he never was seen sober. The minute he awakened in the morning he reached down under his bed and took a couple swigs at a bottle of gin, and the instant he retired at night he placed a bottle of whiskey under his pillow. Porson liked to explain that he was a religious man—he was only following instructions when it came to drinking. He would whip out the New Testament to prove his point. "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake," he would quote triumphantly, reaching for a glass of whatever was handy.

During Porson's era, the 18th century, there was one drink that only the most jaded of palates could stomach. It was called Three-Man Wine, consisting of the dregs of the cheapest and strongest wines available, seasoned with a little straight alcohol. London taverns used to sell the concoction by the shotglass; but Porson so delighted in the drink that he stocked his cellar with dozens of bottles. Three-Man Wine got its name from the alleged fact that it took three men to drink it. One man held down the drinker, another poured it down his throat, while the third man was the drinker himself. No one ever had to hold Porson down to drink Three-Man Wine. He found the mixture "a little weakish, and certainly with no character, but serviceable."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the playwright, had a more cultivated palate. He liked the best in wines, and his hosts often

found their cellars depleted after a visit. Once a Duchess decided to cut down on expenses by palming off an inferior wine on the insatiable Sheridan. "Speaking of cheap wine," Sheridan began. "But we weren't speaking of cheap wine," the Duchess protested, "we were speaking of the London stage." "Speaking of cheap wine..." Sheridan repeated, tapping the claret bottle. The Duchess got the point. She ordered her best wine be served, and Sheridan stayed as her guest for three days, until the wine was gone.

Sheridan once stopped in a tavern to get a soothing drink of ale. He sipped at it and then shoved the glass aside in disgust. The tavern-keeper was a burly, pugnacious individual. "Are you about to say something about our ale," he asked, flexing his arms. "I never speak ill of the dead," Sheridan replied.

Even in his cups Sheridan was a model of politeness. One night he was going home from a party when he heard a cry, "Lift me up, lift me up!" He looked around and found a man flat on his back in a muddy ditch. "I couldn't possibly lift you up," said Sheridan, "but I will gladly lie down beside you." And he did.

Sheridan was convinced that wine was a great aphrodisiac, and when in his cups he was apt to grab the nearest woman. He was what the British called a Number five man. There were believed to be seven stages of drunkenness:

1. Ape-drunk, when a celebrant made a fool of himself.
2. Lion-drunk, when he thought he was the bravest man in the world and wanted to fight.
3. Swine-drunk, when he rolled in the gutter, like Sheridan's ditch-companion.
4. Sleep-drunk, when he suddenly lost interest in the company and became drowsy.
5. Goat-drunk, when he fancied himself an irresistible lover.
6. Martin-drunk, when he became excessively boisterous.

7. Fox-drunk, when he became crafty or when he thought himself crafty.

When The Right Reverend Cyril Brasenose, a clergyman of Swinham, England, died early in the 19th-century, his parishioners got the surprise of their lives. Brasenose was known as a man particularly opposed to the evils of drink, and many of his sermons were devoted to the evils caused by Demon Rum. But when he died it was discovered that he had kept a diary and in it recorded that for the last twelve years he had drunk three bottles of claret each evening. The diary did not reveal how he had managed to smuggle some 13,000 empty bottles out of the parsonage over this period of time.

Brasenose's journal also revealed that he had, at the end of those twelve glorious years, gone on the wagon, and he told the reason why. Brasenose himself never had in his life suffered from a hangover. One night, when in his cups, he fed a pet pig some of his favorite claret, and, to his amazement, the animal became, as the expression had it, drunk as a pig. The next evening, he offered the pig some more claret, but the pig refused to have anything to do with the wine. Brasenose began to wonder if he had as much sense as God gave a pig. He took the vow and kept to it.

Alas, the story has an unhappy ending. For, once the Reverend stopped "Tapping the Admirals"—drinking on the sly, that is—he began to waste away and he died.

The phrase, "Tapping the Admirals," came into circulation shortly after the death of Lord Horatio Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. The body of the hero was placed in a hoghead which was filled with rum, the rum being used as a preservative. The sailors bored a hole into the hoghead and drank it down to its last drop. It was admitted that the last tenth of the hoghead tasted "a little gamy." To this day, the rum served to sailors on British warships has been called "Nelson's Blood." □



"First, Warren, let's be sure this isn't just  
an empty, intellectual attraction."

## DIXIE BELL

*Little Red, met Ruth Lynn Dixon when she came North to the "Toll Town" to study theatre arts at NYU. Before she had been here a month, she was signed for numerous stage appearances in Connecticut by a director she met on a Greenwich Village rehearsal. He was impressed by an impromptu scene from Chekhov which Dixon (a name given by her Northern friends) keeps up her stock for occasions when she needs to display her virtuosity.*















When we asked Dixie how she liked the chilly climate of New York City and everyone, we were surprised at her enthusiasm. She likes winter the best because "it's so cozy by the fire," too as snow fails to fuse this Southern belle, as she shivers well, and has taken up skiing with remarkable enthusiasm. She finds the change of seasons "exciting," and even she wouldn't trade the unigniting freshness of an October morning for "all the balm in Florida." Hooray for Dixie in Northland!





made by pulled him. He pointed with the Weathermen, "Up is there for us," and instructed him Adam to go first. If the danger was going to be any jumping from behind rocks, he would go for Adam, so it is well known that would give himself a chance to see a close shot.

Adam climbed slowly over a large rock and waited Mark's foot landed on the rock and holding the flashlight up the other, he smiled. He came down on an interested breath.

The hole she had dug in the dirt and there  
 a fountain.

A thin, screaming line of pain ran up his right side from his ankle to his armpit, a pain that brought a dim vision of darkness to his eyes for a moment before the first terrible shock subsided. He fell back against the big rock and shut down on the second.

While the case closed and papers changed at the court, he remembered hearing a crash when he left, and thought that a moment later the Winchester had gone off and the police abandoned him too.

[illegible]

He reached gently and felt something, cool and jagged through his trousers. He and when he pulled his hand back, there was a gap in his knickerbockers, a finger deep and jagged through his pants. "Oh God, Holy Mother of God," he murmured. "A rat, a rat!" For thinking under there!

"Adam! Where are you, you little jerk?"

He heard a great roar a few miles ahead. Wilson had been watching them as they passed looking on him, and quite unaccountably why Mark had suddenly decided to throw his gun away and sit down on the snow. Mark waved at him. "Come here. Help me up!" Wilson didn't move.

More, he explained. "Let me tell you the story. The story."

Adams moved toward him, and Moore explained the underwear. Black felt the young blonde grope under his armpits to lift him to a standing position on his pants. He lay flat. But when he stood erect, the blonde made overland gestures and sent a new line of pain up his side that made him cower on his hands and knees. He looked at the blonde and back to the second woman.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

down." When Michael and Todd ran, Mark found that if he bent his knee as he held his thigh up with his right hand, he could keep the knife from dropping on the ground, and he could hold it with his left leg. His down his left arm over Adrián's shoulder and grabbed his head with both at the other side of the big rock. "The attack. The attack," he heard in 1998.

They trail their way through the brush around the creek, always, for something heavy on the shore. But he soon left his clipped nose and then, making the broken leg, nothing, grazing the last mile to gather round more past shooting up his side.

There he was, showing the face of the shock off an incoming wave in the lagoon, and he shook it aside like a brush that against sea wall and looking the night-dark up with both hands to keep the darkness away, he let himself slowly to the floor in the spreading lagoon by the light where he was finally sitting on the floor, his head and arms on the wall and the lagoon lay straightened out. It was only then that he realized that he was wearing his trousers and the first symptoms of shock were beginning to appear down his spine.

"Go get help," he said and put his head back against the wall and closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them, there was still nothing there.

Patton said that suddenly events in his past and he changed. "Well, stopped you get help." He pointed at the tag: "It's broken."

Click here: [Link to the document](#)

“Good, you want to be liked, don’t you? Good. Now listen. When I was 12, I was in a class called ‘How to Succeed in Life Without Really Trying.’ That was Mr. Peterson’s idea. It was one of his best ideas. He said, ‘There’s one more thing you should do. You should learn to be liked by others. You should learn to be liked by others.’”

Agnes (Mark) saw him return to work every day that seemed to her through him and out of him. There was something about those big bushy arms that she and Wilson had reached after a two-day impact of it but now like a second strike Agnes saw that he was helping in the new brick in his eyes was the silence of love.

Mark suggested that he had been the only person to find even one dead cow. Adam, however, when Adam was the only one who could help him, he had no way of even getting him. He almost perished in the

The odd was shifting his perspective and when he reached them to feed the horses, he heard his own's bleeding ears. The blood was from the holes in Adam's ear waxing there, one hanging at the outer. Talk was to the dark night. Myra had been to the lake to know when Lee talks to him. And the lips. "Look, Adam, here," he said. "That's what you see back in the house. Adam, God bless."

The driver's name, Marko, began to mutter to a level that would ring a bell in Atlanta's small circle. He talked softly, repeated "help" over and over again, gestured toward the crowd with his arm (trying to make gestures as to what sugar had never really done to one's condition), but his driver gave

Julian still didn't wake on the first round. Nothing made a dent in his brain. Mark moved, and then it hit him. Nothing made a dent but one thing, and he knew it straight away.

Martha<sup>2</sup> he realized "Martha! Go to Linn Tell her where I am and tell her I said to give you another Big 100-dollar matchbox. They go 100!" He made a gesture with his fingers that was supposed to be a "hundred" match.

Adams' bag, later evidently dropped or wedged in the doorway of the drunk, lies on the sidewalk. When, through, what resulting through him "that" he said "Mister, I am here, mister. Tell her where I am and she'll see you later."

Simon stiffly drew up, shifted his head up and down and shifted out the door and was gone. Black eyes alone and a squinty smile that reached past how bad the pain really was. He closed his eyes and let that first time when the belly was shot in those blackness come over him.

He woke up and gazed at several nurses, but he soon came alone the third nurse. He couldn't stop the shivering from rattling the bones back together and sending shivers like stings up his spine, and he began to come closer for taking a big, deep, he thought, he'd forget on the way back. The last nurse took and he felt himself going down again and so he thought he imagined he heard voices. He pulled his head and shook himself back to consciousness.

For the home team—Georgetown and Lisa's team—offering, Adams was not satisfied with the result. He admitted, "I wish I had done a 10. I thought 'It is time, but hurry, I'm doing it.'"

He was there some 40 minutes through the showstop. Adams still demanded only as his last event set. Lisa, on her 80th show, had white bag slippers around her red heels on her last show. He was alone. Adams was holding up one and his blue-handled mittens, showing a show.

"Good bye, Adam," he replied. "There's  
Love. Now you can't keep me alone."

...and, of course, the fact that the...  
...the fact that the...  
...the fact that the...

"No, just fine," he answered as the bus came past the hotel house building, now cut behind the bridge of the canyon and over the tangle of trees at least as far as the eye could see.

1000



*"Very good. Now take that letter to my apartment  
and read it there."*





## A black and white photograph of a woman standing next to a large, dark, rectangular object. The woman is wearing a dark, patterned dress and a tall, dark hat. She is looking towards the camera. The large object has a light-colored, possibly white, rectangular area on its side. The background is dark and indistinct.

Connie looked at Leona and George standing at her side, who had afternoons like this long when they would sit out at the terrace smoking, drinking, and exchanging comments about the "characters" below. Connie

George glanced apprehensively at Victor's linear and mobile face in the afternoon light. George felt unusually secure and happy and looked forward to working that evening, because the good he was doing with nature itself hadn't appeared all summer, but were known to him that day.

[illegible]

"George, George, listen. Look who's out," she began almost breathlessly from the kitchen. The old couple scrambled at the sound of their voices. She looked up and scanned anxiously what she saw. She drew a gasp. "Look, look at the rolling hills!"

she passed beneath, a barrage of cigarette butts landed at her feet. She shook the parasol menacingly.

"Mean things. Evil girls. I'll get you. I'll get you." The girls' wild laughter echoed down the block. The boys danced merrily between the pillars.

"Don't you wish those pillars were real?" screamed Connie.

"Trick or Treat?" laughed Georgia.

"Dirty little slobs. Look at how hot they're making the street," added Leana softly. A policeman nodded toward the terrace.

"Clap! Clap! Clap! Hey Officer, wanna buy \$2.00 worth of social disease?" whispered Connie. The boys continued dancing and the policeman walked in the other direction.

"Blossom and Bloom Clap Capers," Georgia said doubling over with laughter. Connie interrupted her fun with a pinch on the behind.

"Common gutter tramps," added Leana bitterly.

"You take them much too seriously, MAH DEAR. We ought to pay dear little Blossom and his slut, just to keep the 'blue faces' occupied. The way the hungry dears are after money these days, they'll be around forever. They're all hungry. If we're not careful, before we know it, SLURP goes 'blue face bull-frogs' after the sleeping flies."

"Tell me something new Georgia," retorted Leana and left the terrace. Connie watched intently as the tiny dark head disappeared through the door. Georgia looked at Connie in amazement.

"Now what's wrong?" she asked. Connie shrugged her shoulders and leaned further over the railing. She too was beginning to feel depressed, but knew there was nothing to be gained by showing it.

"Oh I know. It's probably the show. After last week's 'cardiac case' I doubt if she'll ever look forward to entertaining. I've never seen her so shaken. They practically turned the place into a morgue. It upset me too, but Leana really flipped."

"Holy mouth to mouth resuscitation," sighed Connie.

"The only objection I had was that damned ambulance being called. I don't know what, if anything, Big Miller could have been thinking. But knowing Miller's always out to make a big noise, I hardly expected him to act any differently."

"It saved his life, didn't it?" interjected Leana as she rejoined them.

"It almost put an end to ours," Connie said.

"It was those good after dancing odors that did it. Leave it to little ole Georgia Mae, I'll knock 'em dead anytime." Georgia began to giggle loudly. Connie pinched Leana jokingly. "Come on, laugh, bitch," she said laughingly.

"I don't take death quite that lightly," snapped Leana.

"Excuse the hell out of me. Sorry I pinched the goddess."

"To give you some idea of what I mean, look at the corner island. They've only been standing there for half an hour, looking up at our comic faces the whole time." Leana's voice was edged with hysteria.

"What?" asked Georgia.

"Across the boulevard," Leana pointed toward the pedestrians' island where a group of black garbed women lingered. "Count them," she demanded and walked inside.

"Eight."

"Eight? So what?" As Connie asked her brow furrowed furiously.

"Hey silly, come back out. They're harmless. So the eight get ate." Georgia nudged Connie in hopes of laughter.

"Eight, sweet, little, women-folk all dressed in black waiting for the hearse to deliver the corpse, and little Leana thinks they're the Devil," said Connie sarcastically. Leana appeared in the doorway with a bottle of Vodka. She held it against the sky to examine its contents. The cork made a hollow, deafening sound. Georgia stopped her laughter. She and Connie exchanged worried glances.

"Here's to Death's hooves below," announced Leana before she gulped the liquor.

"It's a bad sign. Something bad is going to happen, or maybe it already has," she said wiping her mouth. She pushed the bottle into Connie's folded arms.

"Did Miller call?" asked Georgia.

"No, and he won't be calling ever again. The fat man is dead and Big Miller blames us. Which one do you think is the widow?" Leana's arms trembled slightly and her breathing was very rapid.

"Stop your hysteria. They ain't coming up here, regardless of which one is the widow, mother, sister, concubine or daughter. I doubt if they will even cross the street," Georgia said angrily.

"Today is Thursday, the eighth. The performance begins at eight, and if those eight maudlin faces don't unglue their eyes, I'm going to blow all eight seams." Leana jerked the bottle from Connie's folded arms.

"Hey pussy, take it easy. Couldn't this be regarded as a good omen?" Connie watched Leana's neck moving almost spasmodically. "I think you're over-dramatizing. Don't you want to do the show? Is that what's wrong?" She stroked the back of Leana's head in an effort to calm her. With the other hand she took the Vodka bottle. "Come on, give it back." Leana released the bottle and Connie took her by the arm and led her inside the apartment.

"You just want an excuse to get drunk,"

said Georgia, following them into their dressing room. Connie sat at the vanity table in gloomy silence. She was annoyed at Leana for having suggested something bad would happen. Why should the women symbolize evil? Certainly they could be considered good luck as well as misfortune. Leana went into the bath believing her intuitions, but so did Connie and Georgia because Leana had once worked with gypsies and they had taught her the signs of evil. Connie lit a cigarette and watched her reflection in the orange light of the mirror.

"Oh hell," she said in resignation.

"What's wrong with you? Suddenly we're the GLOOMS," said Georgia.

"Bad conscience perhaps. What else would you call it? I'm not paranoid like some people."

Leana looked into the steam streaked mirror at the tiny lines around her eyes. She cleaned them with cotton, pulled the hair off her face, struck a pose with parted lips, and thought about her fading beauty. "Will we have time to wash the stockings?" she called through the door. "You know this is the week for stockings. Last month we didn't have them ready, and Mr. Christian was very angry." She pinched her freshly scrubbed face. The blotches added color and the deep lines around her eyes were no longer noticeable. She smiled at herself in the mirror.

"So what?" asked Connie.

"He was so miserable. He hardly laughed the entire evening. Let's do it for him, please Cos." Leana peeked out of the bathroom, a bright smile covering her face.

"That old top bugs me to no end," said Georgia.

"Seriously Georgia. Let's do the stocking thing."

"Okay. Okay," snapped Connie.

"You wash them sweetie." Georgia realized Leana's mood had changed. She seemingly had gained interest beyond forecasting their doom.

Connie shook her head sorrowfully and left the dressing room. Georgia listened as her heels clicked against the parquet floor heading toward the terrace. She sighed deeply and reached into her bra for the huge diamond ring which had been cutting into her flesh. The lamp caught itself magnificently in it. She looked into the mirror at its sparkle and made a silent wish. Her eyes became moist with tears as the thoughts crowded into her head. She rested her head in the palms of her hands and cried softly. "Stop it. They can make it without you." She peeked between her fingers at the ring resting on her left hand and smiled.

The bathroom door opened to Leana clutching a large blue towel. "Where's

(Continued on next page)







LET  
ME  
TELL  
YOU A . . .

# TALL TALE

It is said that one mid-Western basketball coach has a saying to his often thin, or usually not fat, six inches tall. Over it, he has placed a sign: "If You Can Kicker This Door, say Western Basketball Isn't Better."

I suppose everybody expects the average basketball players of today to have terrific beards of their height, but before we breathe, you don't have to be that tall but for to have the little complications. I would get through that coach's doorway without stooping—perhaps a twisted knee a day I say a possibility of some kind because of my attitude.

I'm six feet five, which is hardly anyone by today's standards but which is sometimes really enough to take me by for the tallest person in my gathering of modest size. Go to any party and you're sure to be introduced to some friendly little trick what? gosh. "What a lovely tall man!" I'd like to be tall?

Well you can be. I've spent for wedding pictures of being photographed in those group pictures where they line themselves up three rows deep. I can stand peacefully at the back and be sure of seeing or being seen over everybody else's heads. You can't stand in the front pictures. I'm the one whose father's apple is kneed up with everybody else's.

Unfortunately, however, I spend very little time watching people or posing for group pictures. I prefer other hobbies at which my height is at best a second blessing. Take the theater, for instance. Now, I am high enough to be able to see over those at front of me, but I do also get lost in the ridiculously long arrangements of how where one takes only a lateral glimpse of breaking and shining, but which must be accommodated in a space that would cramp a respectable midsize. Sitting for three hours with your knees pinned painfully against the hard wooden back of the seat in front of you not only brings you dark holes from the comfort of that seat, but also is guaranteed to give you a

pretty good idea of how medieval monks watched the back by kneeling on their church floors to pray the hours in bed. The difference is that in the theater you get the spectacle that without the religion.

Reading, how would you like it if some time little old lady sitting behind you tapped you gently on the shoulder and politely requested, "Please, sir, would you mind covering your work?"

In transportation matters it's worse. Going through the doors of New York subway trains now I usually remember to duck. I've had a hundred painful bumps on the top of my head to make me remember. In buses and airplanes I'm resigned to sore knees while the fellow in front of me might just as well get used to having a couple of hard, knobby bones pushing at his back. If the bus is crowded and a lady needs a seat, what am I to do? If I get up to give her mine, I not only can't look out the windows to see where I want to get off, but I must stand with my back bent way over and the back of my head pressed against the ceiling, riding a thousand-mile wavy line the whole time. I have to make a seat, even if I must wear a dozen of them every while. I'm standing in a doorway. The back seat has full three inches less headroom than I need to sit up, even without a hat. Two people in one of those busette stages and I've got a cracked vertebra.

In fact, substitutes of my kind, with the single exception of those lovely big checker cars are a problem. I once jumped a Cadillac which did turn with remember was about the size of a Volkswagen and if anything was less spacious. Folding myself up to fit into it was a horrendous operation. I could draw a crowd of fascinated onlookers anywhere just by getting into or out of that car.

Now that they're making them all low like other things applied, now only is getting in or out with any ease or

great impossible but even in my least favorite the riding seat, if I'm in the driver's seat, I can't see the road. My forward visibility is limited to a two-foot view of the gas gauge.

Really in adolescence I had to face the fact that the world is made for midgets. Practically nothing is built for the tall man. There's hardly a house in existence that doesn't have some low doorway or low overhead doorway where a moment of caution can lead to a cracked skull. I've got more bumps on my head than you'll find in basketball tapes pulling.

Now I can reach the highest shelf in the closet, but I can't open a door without stooping. The back is too low. I have to bend almost double to see a watchman or ladder out. If I stand up straight, I'm liable to see as high as my shoulders in the bathroom mirror. I have to stoop to shave and again to comb my hair.

Same with furniture. Chairs are too low. Beds are too short. If I stretched my bones under a desk, I got lost from the bottom of the circular drawer on my pants-drawers, too. If it's a wooden desk, Thomas Wolfe was not far, and he used to write his novels standing up, using the top of his refrigerator for a desk. I know why.

Chairs are particularly impossible. About the only thing that I can sit in, at the average store that will fit me there, beds and handshakes. You think I'm exaggerating? Before me, brother, I am not.

I wear size 10½ shoes with a 10-inch spine. The longest standard shoe is 10 inches which leaves my extra laced around my arch half way to the shoe. Standard socks are fine for the foot, but several inches too short in the heel. Standard shorts are so short they tend to be visible while shorts of all kinds aren't long enough to stay tucked in at the waist. Tights and sport shirts are made in A, B, C and D sizes. A is suitable for a straight chest and D for a deep round chest. For me, I am a

caption—46

# OF WOE

BY JAY NELSON TUCK

weigh 150—and it was hollow around me like a circus top, while its eight wheel spokes (as short as every direction) that's why I gave up pictures altogether long ago and have been more comfortable for it ever since.

High? I gave up on them too. I was seven and three-quarters, long as you can find on most circus acrobats and one-half. Later? Forget it. You wonder for what you can get, which usually isn't much. Even neckties. Though most of my height is so long legs. I'm still longer in the body than the average guy and the standard necktie looks too short on me.

Lately for kids like me, as circus stunts a few shops have opened up that cater to tall and fat men. I buy most of my haberdashery at a New York shop called Imperial Wear, which takes these things as matters but it says no more than it does just these things I have to have custom made, which is a delightful but expensive and I can never take advantage of the bargain sales at which other people stand up at a saving. Because Imperial Wear has in many an enormous variety of size-making areas they have to get full lot prices for almost everything. About the only things they can ever get at special sale, aside from a few out-of-season odd lots, are occasional fur-trim overcoats with which they're been stuck. They give honest value, but it's no bargain for me if they're off for 50 per cent off on summer clothes or winter coats from 40 up.

Being a fat taller than average does add things to your personality and to other people's attitudes towards you. As a kid, I stood a good head taller than most boys my age and was so strong that I looked like two footballers tied together. Kids who were two or three years older than I was and a good deal heavier but shorter, would throw me for an easy mark. They loved to pick fights, knowing they couldn't lose. If they hated me, it would be little David bringing down Goliath, while if I won, I would be a big lolly who ought to be ashamed of

himself for fighting a smaller boy.

With their greater age and weight most of these kids would have wished the far out of me if they could get at me. I couldn't punch with them, but luckily for me I early discovered that my reach was worth something. As long as I kept a straight left and then they couldn't do much more than feel the breeze. When I was ended up in a fit.

Short people are only tend to be belittled towards tall ones but when they can, love to dominate them. Ray Howard, who heads the Empire National chain of newspapers, is a small man, but practically all the executives he knows are much shorter or better. Once Howard was in an elevator with Lee Ward, then executive editor of the World-Telegram, who stands about six feet. A man who knew them both got on "Mr. Lee" by name. "Mr. Lee."

This kind of thing tends to make big fellows depressed. As a boy, I stopped to remember my height (and while I'm no longer ashamed of it, I still don't have a good posture, in spite of much therapy).

The taller the guy, the more defensive they are. In one evening I was in the crowded White Horse Tavern in Greenwich Village, where I'm usually the tallest man in the room. Someone brushed against my back and I turned around, looking down at my chest of drawers might, expecting to see a face. I saw it the ship. I raised my finger to straighten ahead and saw an Adams apple. I rounded it to 45 degrees up and at last saw a face. I couldn't help saying:

"What are you growing up?" It sounded the first belittlement.

"We're sorry you said." "The offense meant I'm just that I'm not used to looking up to people."

He was all right. He relaxed and we ended up shaking hands in the problems of high schools.

One more important matter remains to be discussed—girls. As my height the average girl is a foot or more

shorter than I am and while most girls like tall men, thank heaven, it does make for some awkward moments. Under the line that's almost impossible, such as at a crowded party or walking along the street. Nevertheless can be difficult when it is combined from such varying levels. I don't have to be an indifferent guest for everything I say to be over her head or for everything she says to be beneath me.

Dancing becomes an exercise in groping. Last I can't take my normal long stride as she'll be doing the spin. Standing straight at such close range, we can't talk at all like normal people to get used of her close view of my feet beneath. What's more she often suggests that I'm looking right over her head and flailing with the legs as across the ropes. Sometimes she's right, but largely she isn't. I say no, I would say the way most guys do. Check-to-check is one of the questions and then is only really just a tiny moment.

During her whole standing up sequence either that we have a slight of steps as she says he goes on two up on me or else that I have awkward pleats in my spine. And when it comes to even more intimate matters—a certain amount of unpleasant impression is necessary. After all, she did can be expected to be happy for very long with her nose buried in someone's armpit no matter how interesting the other things that are going on.

In short, while it's not to be tall, don't be too tall. Somewhere between six feet and six, two, is about right. I'd say. That goes for all the embarrassing advantages of a good height, but you're still within the normal range. At least after a fashion, you can do into that world made the budgets. And again, which are cramped for me will turn out to be merely "hey" for you.

If you seem to be growing taller than that, young man, take my advice and start standing early to start your growth. I did, and just think how much more off I'll be if I didn't. □



# FOR MATURE GUMCHEWERS ONLY

## NO. 43 Michelle (Miko) Mentle

Greenwich Sweethearts  
—Centerholder

Ht: 5'4" Wt: 118 Born left. Theresa left. Known as a hustling ballplayer, Miko's specialty is allowing a partner to reach first base then showing him just where he wants to go next. This can be truly heavenly and Miko has had difficulty with women only last week that her club is a slagger competitor for the crown she makes



## NO. 33

### Mandy Kozlowski

Denver Gals—P-200

Ht: 5'5" Wt: 115 Born right. Theresa left. Mandy is known as the most relaxed partner in the league. Always cool under pressure Mandy owns the most delicious curves in the game and has a contagious pace that keeps the ladies on balance. Miko due to caught in her typically all-around manner. Having just served up a cooling, bristling curve

**NO. 27**  
**Florence (Yogi) Perna**  
 Boca Raton—Coccyus

He 5'7" Ht: 110 Bst: right  
 shown right. Florence was 166  
 and with the nickname "Yogi"  
 for good reason. She is a great  
 supporter of the Eastern art of  
 Yoga. This particular exercise  
 keeps her in shape for going into  
 the city after those great parties.  
 Rarely does anyone mind a line  
 and she's deadly on both heels.



**NO. 14**  
**Nan Maucal**  
 Chicago—Chicks—Foot: bare

He 5'8" Ht: 100 Bst: right. Thinner  
 job. Here, Nan demonstrates the  
 sliding technique that has earned her  
 the title "Famous Girl on the Maucal  
 Spot" for her straight women. A  
 dangerous contortionist. Nan uses her  
 skill to soothe effect when bring-  
 ing the girls to an evening dinner  
 with a finishing display of footwork.

handle and a long and dented spigot.

He didn't know what that was for, and the seeming stupidity of it made him angry again. "What did you bring that for? I don't need a drink of anything."

Lisa didn't answer him, but spoke to Adam. "Play with your matches, Adam," she said, and then walked toward Mark. He heard a pft, and saw Adam, holding the match up to his face, grinning at the flash of flame. He realized she had no intention of answering him, or even looking at his leg, for that matter, and a little tongue of fear began licking at his brain.

She was emptying the can all around him on the floor and splashing the liquid against the wall. When he got the first whiff of it, the fear suddenly raged through him and made him try to stand

erect and stop her. It was kerosene.

He tried to speak, to stop her, the broken leg forgotten, but in panic and confusion, only noises and grunts, something like "ugh, ough," came out. He tried to raise himself higher, but his arms trembled and collapsed. He sprawled there, watching her.

Lisa went back to the door and turned and threw the can on the floor in front of her. It clunked and some more kerosene gurgled from the spout. Adam had just struck his third match and was staring at the flame. Lisa touched his arm, and he paid attention to her for the first time since he'd come in the shack.

"Throw it, Adam, over there. Near the can."

Adam grinned at her and threw the

match. Mark shrank back as a whoosh of heat and light filled the shack around him. He threw his hand up and felt the hair on the back of it singe off. He tried again to scream, but the hot air rammed his voice down his throat and scorched his lungs. The dried timbers were sprouting into flame.

The skin on his exposed face and hands began to blister, and the last thing he remembered in the terrible agony sweeping over him was Lisa and Adam standing together outside the cabin, watching.

Adam was holding his remaining matches in a fist in front of him, but for once he wasn't interested in them. He was staring and grinning as the cabin turned into a ball of flame bigger than any he had ever seen. □

**Eight by Eight** (Continued from page 41)

women seemingly swayed before her rage.

"It's Tom," Georgia said enthusiastically. She stretched out her hand and he kissed it. "You'd better check on Leana. We have company outside the building and Leana's convinced they're here to get revenge for the fat man's death."

"She's nuts. Don't worry, I'll do what I can. Where's Connie?"

"She's in the bath. Do you want her?"

"No, it can wait." Tom disappeared onto the terrace, and Leana came inside within seconds. She hurried past Georgia, a look of pain on her face. "And put some more make-up on, you look like we snatched you out of a kindergarten class." Tom stood there for a moment and then returned to the terrace. He thought about the fat man gasping for air, and the smell of ammonia filling the overheated room. He watched the women without perceiving anything threatening. To him they looked tragic, like lead mourners in a funeral procession. The air outside was changing. It smelled like rain on a river. He remembered how Leana had shrieked, and the disinterested manner in which the ambulance attendants had handled the man's body. Tom was unaccustomed to death even if his life had led inevitably to it. The fat man had died three days later. The women had been imposed upon by a shabbily dressed man in his sixties. Tom chuckled to himself. The neighborhood was filled with derelicts, and how the women had managed to stand there without attracting one's attention was a source of amazement to Tom. A man gestured wildly with his fist. The women circled him protectively, and then one of them moved away. A short squat woman remained. Her arms crossed, she stood as if her fat legs had been implanted in the cement. The man had stopped his threatening gestures. He seemed to be speaking in earnest. A look of utter defiance emanated from

the very pores of her jelly-like body.

"Go on old woman, your trick is turned," yelled Tom. The man continued talking. Tom left the terrace and closed the heavy wooden doors. "Come on girls." He snapped his fingers like a maitre. "Not much time left. More make-up Leana. Georgia, the stole is hanging like you've grown a tail. Connie, my precious, you look absolutely gorgeous." He patted Connie's soft blond head. "Did the habit come back from the cleaners?" He reached into the open closet for the backless choir robe. "Careful of spills." He unfurled it grandly and slung it over his shoulder.

"Did they leave?" asked Connie. The other girls stopped to hear his reply.

"Yeah. One of the derelicts from across the boulevard finally took notice and scared the zippers out of their skirts." The girls smiled at one another.

At eight o'clock, Tom removed the heavy chain. The first key was inserted by Mr. Christian. "Always on time, huh, Mr. Christian?" Tom said politely. He led him into the living room. Within the next twenty minutes, the entire guest list, excepting one name, had received its red check mark. Tom drew a heavy red line through the one remaining, and turned the music up to a roar. The girls made their entrance like a bunch of boisterous gypsies. The chiffon flowed through the air turning it pink, blue, and black. The men applauded and the two women guests cleared their throats. Mr. Christian languished between two youngish, fat gentlemen. Leana caught his eye and began swirling about the floor in a dervish. Georgia unsnapped the hooks of her shoulder straps. The gown slipped away slowly. One of the guests thought himself to be dreaming and pinched his nose. She shook her body from head to toe. Connie, her damp blond hair framing her face,

posed majestically with a silver bell in her tiny hand. She rang it loudly each time Georgia's gown slipped. The two girls whirled around Leana in a swirl of pink. Sweat rolled down the guests' faces. Mr. Christian straightened his tie and sat erectly. Georgia, the gown now at her ankles, laughed shrilly. Connie tossed the bell into the air and began to disrobe. The two women gripped the arms of the high-backed chairs and sighed.

"How terribly civilized," whispered one youngish fat gentleman to the other. Tom, with an obvious air of disapproval, ushered the late guest into the room. The long white stockings dangled from his breast pocket like an oversized handkerchief. Mr. Christian spied the stockings and coughed in anticipation. Tom tossed them at Georgia. She danced merrily across the floor with them extended toward their guest. A sigh parted Mr. Christian's lips. Tom handed the backless robe to Leana, she stood, put it on, and clasped her hands angelically. Connie rang the bell while Georgia dressed her long slim legs in the white stockings. Mr. Christian sat back in blissful peace.

Tom switched the overhead lights off and on to signal the end of the performance. The last guest to arrive, a shabbily dressed man, walked over to him and thrust a wad of money into Tom's free hand.

"Tell Georgia, I'll be waiting across the street." Before Tom could answer, the man was gone. He hurried the girls into their dressing room.

"Is there something wrong?" asked Connie.

"Look. The old man left it and said to tell Georgia, he'd be waiting across the street."

"Tell her the groom is waiting." Connie took the money and walked serenely toward the terrace. □







# RESERVE DUTY

A PHI BETA KAPPA, GREG MORGAN FLUNKED ONE COURSE—LIFE □ BY L. B. DeLAURENTIS

Gregory Morgan held a cigarette as if it were part of his body. By birth and by training, he was graceful. It was only by nature that he was graceless. He thought sardonically. Not so much graceless as debilitated. Until recently he would have called himself effete, but life had dealt a new kick to him. Gregory Morgan was now the father of a son. What would his father and Rowena say to that if by some miracle they found it out?

He looked up from the crystallized water of the lake to its far side. Crawling up the hill was the town, and somewhere, about a third of the way up, stood Jean's house. Now at four thirty, she might be feeding his baby. Jean and her husband had named Gregory's baby Bruce, which seemed a tough name for such a helpless creature.

Gregory closed his eyes to the crawling town and saw Jean's face in his apartment. Her deep eyes asked the tit of her mouth as she asked, "What would you have named him, Greg?" Blood burned his ears. Maybe Dan, he thought, then flipped his cigarette into the middle of the pile of books and said, "How about Bastard?"

Her eyes closed for a moment. Then she laughed as if she really meant it. "He's no bastard, darling. You told me so yourself. Like the Meyer you might be, you explained it fully. I've got a perfectly legal husband, waste luck?"

It had come to this: as Gregory might have known it would. When he and Jean had first started—he hesitated to name it command—but an affair was what it was. When they started it, she talked often of being fond of Paul Carabright. "He's a big hulking idiot, and of course can't talk about anything. But he's rather nice." Gregory tried to ignore the prick deep in his guts. When Gregory went places with them, she postally kissed Paul Carabright on the cheek or ruffled his straight hair. And Gregory weighed the possibility that. (Turn page)

she was making the best of a bad situation against the possibility that she was trying to make him jealous.

But now she realized that she hated her husband and couldn't see Gregory doing that with any more conviction.

He opened his eyes to the lake and wrinkled at Rebecca's tired voice talking to him from the cottage. "Oh, Greg, can you give me a hand or help?" That is if you're not too tired to do anything important," Rebecca was his father's second wife. She had made her voice polite, but she had deliberately, Gregory felt sure, omitted saying please. There had been a time when, surely like, they probably a hand you just ask for, or call to the old man would not have seemed to him that to day he actually flicked a burning cigarette in to the grating space, looking down at his right and to his left along the singular perspective of the lake where he was down here to give her a hand, would he? His old man, Lawrence Morgan, had been ordered not to let a different finger touch again.

Maybe Dan would never have mentioned to study Doctor's orders. Maybe Dan had said physically in a check on your state. None of this, perhaps, meaning there had to be some clear for him. Maybe Dan had always cultivated doctor's orders, that he might have wanted Gregory's position to be known he would have managed not to be his helping Rebecca then up for the night.

Gregory examined the physically proportioned cottage. Maybe Dan was Lawrence Morgan's brother, not the one of them wasn't a lot older. But the cottage seemed to be Gregory's brother, both of them were graceful and elegant, just had been improved with the cottage in the manner of a young girl, not in the manner of a mother of three. On the other side when she'd they come here with him she had been the mother of only two—Paul Cartwright's two. Gregory felt himself wrap. Before that married Dan's husband, he had called Paul Cartwright by his first name. Now he always used both names.

Usually when he saw Dan in the vineyard, he brought the children. They were noisy, lively, and a little dirty, in the manner of swimming puppies. But on this afternoon she had gotten a cat and come here alone. "Paul's cat is right out swimming," says Dan to Gregory. "Her name is—oh—oh—oh—the word." "That the doctor says swimming's the best thing on the world for you."

Gregory thought, you are too pregnant for a man, and he is too old for a woman body but so well down the sun tanning his back, he felt there must be some word for the living beauty pattern.

Nobody, least of all himself, could feel comfortably referring to Gregory Morgan as a baby. Paul Cartwright was a more proper man. Gregory was suited only to his usual role of inconspicuous playboy.

Rebecca's voice, ringing in the air, suggested he thought it was time to go in if he wanted to feel his inevitable empty seat in having to call him a second time. As his approach, he saw her very quickly wrap from the side of the window. He turned but then looked.

I hate you, you fat yellow old bitch. The words revolved like mud over his mind as he looked down at the baby house that had never meant anything, except maybe the old man. Every time he saw her he seemed to hear Uncle Dan spit out, "A fat man?" That was Rebecca's look like. If any one looked at her, he must have felt suggest she this kind of an unpleasantness, that the Gregory's of pregnant babies.

Gregory Morgan was the mother's father. At the thought of his mother, Gregory wrinkled again, not thinking to even himself until afterwards.

Rebecca's voice grated into his attention. "I thought you'd be looking at the mud," he felt further away from the window. Greg. Last year you may remember the new blue to and not it?

He looked down into his pig eyes. She was probably thinking, Greg, you were maybe or maybe when you came last saying that you early remember how many a get. Or she was thinking, Greg, did you ever have in a kitchen cup or wine and leave the window open to try to ruin the whole place?

He would willing try to say one of these things as he could spit out that a woman's her name that a would never be here, the first red light in still belonged to his mother. She had been someone about that was thing. She'd looked a so-like small person at the academy on the Dan name Church.

"The did that to get everybody's girl?" Uncle Dan had said with a touch of a smile. "Now it's as if you will be tomorrow." Was more Schopenhauer, himself included. He also saw the cottage as the only thing she could take away from that had been Lawrence Morgan's the look at. She didn't really take it. Maybe Dan, too, a beautiful woman like mother couldn't take a cottage along with her when she ran off to America with another man.

Lawrence Morgan's got no sense of humor. "Maybe Dan said," "Can he see the bottom of his wife running off with a mother who'll never be worth a quarter of what his girl? Like me. I'll never be worth anything either. I'm not even a proper. But I can see the bottom of it."

Uncle Dan's face wrinkled. "Lawrence Morgan said I may have been out from the same look of effort, but he's right with out I'm wrong?"

When had Uncle Dan started calling her brother by both names?

Gregory imagined at the heavy crowd, pushing it helplessly over the old planks revealed a far wall. Rebecca might have noticed. She was stronger than he was in spite of being twenty years older, fifty of the same a day. But she just stood looking her legs and watching her baby double. Each could, even knowing he'd been on the verge for two months that time.

"That ought to do it," said Greg. "She added 'blue' through her teeth."

He knew was about to laugh, so he reached out and gave her a slap on the cheek. She was rewarded by seeing her back, and not as upper the stepped down said her breasts were almost reaching his chest level. When he felt the back in his, he turned and walked to the window. He looked a cigarette, using the pattern of matches he kept for times like this, and moved the match into the middle of the box. It would be tedious to watch her puff her nose, and he was making it not there.

He was smiling, and he again heard her thoughtful voice. "Would you care for a cup of coffee, Greg?"

"I don't mind if I do," he believed her. Looking into the kitchen.

The sun made that yellow stain on the bridge at the foot over the stairs. The pot himself had not said. "Dinner is ready, Greg. The table's laid out, please."

He moved from the pattern of matches and moved into gradually from his attention, eyes, walked her down, so that he could replace her with him. He put her in bed with him as his apartment. The house seemed down to look his close with her personality the sun up and making a small gap for his face, escaped in the bedroom. She looked the door opening him and started walking twice turning into the red. He knew it was walking because he felt the motion, and he was going to lose the look of her eyes he looked down the door. Finally she opened it so he was in and then stepped into the water vapors, and it would have been wonderful if the house kept up above him the hand Paul Cartwright. She was pregnant with Bruce by now, and did already had Paul Cartwright's son. Gregory pointed his body close to her trying to pretend he didn't feel it.

She said, about her then now you were. "You remember that you Greg, that night about an week ago when it happened?" She looked up, showing her teeth more redness. He'd said, "What if

(Continued on page 35)



*"Gosh, this room sure brings back memories. The night  
of my first date . . . the night of my first prom . . . the  
night of my graduation dance . . . the night. . ."*



# PENELOPE





Our modern-day Penelope isn't one for "taster" her time" took her ancient namesake, wife of Odysseus. That other Penelope was most renowned for her knitting. So day after day she would knit a funeral pall for her father-in-law Laertes, with the skilled dispatch of Olothe and Atropos, but by night she would unravel (turn page)

her work in Mephastophelean play, then performed, and was the result of a promise to a covey of student suitors to marry one of those who she had completed the knitting. But alas, she longed for the noble Odysseus, an esteemed Greek GI, presumed deceased after disorienting maneuvers on the Tanager battle line. Our Peony makes hay by day, not knitting, but as a (self-) psychologist. By night she doesn't survive; she selects one of her suitors and undresses over dinner and drinks.







**Abstract**

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

He didn't feel that it would happen, but says at the time he'd noticed that the dialogue seemed striking enough to have been written by Hemingway. He had never been able to discern Hemingway's blood and guts until after he died all his time. That was a real eye opener.

However, young *Aspilota* occupied all canopy nest to the second of *Stenogaster* eggs. But it was a moment before *Aspilota* could leave on her where the most hatching insects has been. *Aspilota* showing her yellow teeth. *Aspilota* was seen to reach *Aspilota* too. That was about the only time he found in her.

He awarded a prize to what Kervin's question had been. "Black, I guess it should make it easier." Her start of thought had been half-guessed wrong. He tried to relax the tie as the face as he passed.

"Gang I and 'Did you know that your wife was pregnant like I am?'"

Polk has said any travel he hoped for "Polk is a man with a job."

"That's your specialty, Greg. You know that's your trouble or it wouldn't hurt. You've never acknowledged your father's right to discipline you as a member of the family."

That old man had noticed her slightly with mobile eyes moving fast. Gregory would put up bravely to see that he could lay his on the count right now if only he had the strength for it. He yipped, but managed a hum, which she probably mistook for at that moment the author's last word.

He concluded the old man shouting, "That makes three miserable accidents to you've had inside the year, Grogg. Guess the accident comes to be about all you get for me now. By Christ, that's the lastest I'm going to lay too you till you get some sense showed me that early head of yours." For a month Gregory watched gloomy gestures of the old man. How else could he find places to lay the village idiot? The Lawrence Winger came to the school. "By God, I'll discipline you this time, Grogg, and your grandfather had better not interfere." He never knew he loved Grogg to the breaking. Gregory couldn't see him even to sleep alone.

Fig leaves are little valued in their own right. One slipped the store attendant in a good-looking pair of collared boots. Uncle Ray was the only one with the guts to confront the old man when he came over made up of threatening. Uncle Ray gave him the money although it meant giving off his trip to Florida for a couple of months. The townsfolk thought Ray was

circled in an otherwise by ship, just as  
 they had known on the way

However, despite the rather strong reaction, he said: "There is hope that crisis prevention is possible."

the model "Virtue education, life and  
flourishing education"

She smiled lightly. "That's just how I've been understood about you, Greg. How can you be such a soft and sensitive and such an honest, likeable man?"

Martha: by taking care to get all our  
old money and our good mother's

Elwyns turned out having her thick lower lip. This would always have the mother (in being + baby + baby where Elwyns could never get higher than middle class baby.

He supposed the other was too much tired tonight for tea and remembered being eight years old. He knew it was night because that was the time Uncle Ben brought him the playground baggie. His mother would see the grapes while the old man looked stiffly at him. After they ate the fruiting water, the old man went out to a meeting, and Gregory was left to sleep. He lay in his bed but what seemed hours before he got to the puppy-changer downstairs. Finally he got up and went to his mother's room to see if he could please bring the puppy's new mother, the big lady.

"Despite my desire to travel and find myself again," she says, "I'm staying in this cottage, as I'll simply have to look over and in. I'm not going."

She and her family sought at the moment that all these years I deeply told myself she was wrong. But

Rosemary shared her happy response: "I agree with you. I support you in going to your Roman meeting tonight. (Giggle) Yes, come as usual." She was trying to sound like she had done the party but I had noticed she was not. Lawrence Moore

"The wonderful House I'll be glad to stay away from the Emerson, if you'll please to send to my apartment later and the up look up" the note the required change.

The store has almost empty shelves, severely limiting his job. The exp-chairman on the floor, for some reason and inside (eg. In that job, increased it gradually and then would be the ending scene to date. Permanent disability due to the failure was the prognosis for thought, cutting the exp down to meet it but with a few more.

She stretched up at him. He reached through the back door to lay her out, and she sent a look of protest and indignation. It wasn't that way, but she'd let him know that a dinner's business was more than she would take off right now. She left him but he knew just like he'd always known, every look, every word, every

**Figure 1**

"You're [the lama, Karpis]," she said and laughed. "How does your wife and son going to take your loss? I mean, those farmers getting run through that door is insanity. What're you going to do now—tell you that that door has closed—just sit on your butt?"

"I think there's exactly what I'm going to do, but I know I'm not about to play any more of your niggling legal games. I'm not about to spend the rest of my years working against an idea of a brand of justice that's obsolete."

Gregory Morgan could read like a submarine on some occasions. He swamled through the words inside the magazine and came to the beach hoping to wander up to his Reserve captain's cottage after all. Maybe he wouldn't be there.

Jesus said the Pharisees had washed their hands. Whenever you come back from a bout of study, Greg, I can see the difference in you. Maybe it's because they are part of your things, those, and maybe you need to be washed? When he'd told her of the wrong perception, she was out of the apartment and never back, with a six pack of Quinsee Water (the only one drunk he could stomach), Quinsee Water.

"It didn't take the way some ways look on  
nothing. Okay. But you-you look, real-  
much?"

As if a machine, we're not concerned with a new back of spade could replace a flaking shoveler than I'd longed hoped from the ground towards the big tank that lay a couple of feet out in the water. The almost clipped off-chrome shoveler—his weathered legs are lost; they lie exposed across the hole trying to push out from beneath. He refused to admit that the last hole had been dug. 1914 had his last performance pit because all are having a different business. He imagined he could capture young birds in a cage to work on a machine. In there? Still to succeed?

She had once suggested, "You might knock up his wife. I'm serious on that one, Greg," he / she would not have stopped when the old man's alone.

He had studied, searching for his own way to put up his little life with the bright future over and put his own Congression, absolutely indignant. A swelling sense into Congress's then the need to ignore it, handling the baby back with a laugh that seemed to know the reason was a better world to a better shape? The man to his apartment that night, although they<sup>10</sup> promised each other to stay apart for a while for the sake of a child.

The cops were blubbering from crying "I won't stand by you! You're back me are away Gory-Satanic! I don't expect this."

(Continued on page 80)





1964  
11 x 18  
12 Beauties  
\$1.00  
Escapade  
Calendar

MAKE 1964 A YEAR TO REMEMBER WITH TWELVE QUEEN-SIZED BEAUTIES (11 x 18) CHOSEN BY THE EDITORS OF ESCAPADE MAGAZINE. IN LIVING COLOR, THERE'S ONE FOR EVERY MONTH. IF YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH THE CROWD AT YOUR CORNER NEWSSTAND, FILL IN THE HANDY COUPON AND RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW

**\$1.00**



**on sale at all  
newstands-or  
order by mail.**

ESCAPADE MAGAZINE Dept. 705-1164  
EMERALD BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL. 60601

NAME  ADDRESS

CITY  STATE  ZIP

YES, I want the 1964 ESCAPADE CALENDAR for \$1.00 (plus \$1.00 shipping and handling).

NAME

CITY  STATE  ZIP

YES, I want the 1964 ESCAPADE CALENDAR for \$1.00 (plus \$1.00 shipping and handling).





"I always leave things as I find them."



*Why men in Accounting, Banking, Sales,  
Credit, Real Estate, Traffic, Insurance,  
Government and the  
Armed Services*

**STUDY**

# LAW IN SPARE TIME

*as a way to increased earnings*



**W**hatever your present position—whatever your previous schooling—you can multiply your opportunities for rapid promotion, big income and savings through LaSalle law training at home.

A knowledge of Law is requested today as an indispensable requirement in every industry of business. The greatly increased role of government in business, the many new problems of Law governing taxes, insurance, contracts, liability, employment, and much more—all require the legally trained executive who can make day to day decisions effectively. That is why leading corporations seek out such men for key positions and reward them with top salaries.

You can master Law easily and expeditiously at home—in comfortably low cost—under the supervision of LaSalle distinguished Law faculty. Your study is illustrated with actual legal cases. Upon completion of your training you are awarded a Bachelor of Laws degree if qualified. The famed LaSalle Law Library of 24 volumes is given to you as part of your course.

Send  
for  
this  
Free  
Booklet

For over half a century LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home law training with more than 5,000,000 students. Send for the free booklet "Law Training for Leadership" and see how LaSalle can help you move up rapidly in business. Address: 417 So. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.



## LA SALLE

**EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**

*A Correspondence Institution*

2014 Dearborn Ave. Suite 2000 Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me one of each of the following, your illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City & \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Wayback \_\_\_\_\_

Send me \_\_\_\_\_

Booklet \_\_\_\_\_

Form \_\_\_\_\_

1712

LaSalle Extension University, Chicago, Ill. 60605

# "HOW-TO" PHOTOGRAPHY SERIES

available directly from the publisher



## BILL HAMILTON'S EXCITING PHOTOGRAPHY MADE EASY

More than 200 full studies of elegant figure beauty from one of America's outstanding women. Contains hundreds of magazine-quality photos you can use for photographing the nude female form. 120 pages. 7 1/2 per copy, postpaid. HOW TO BOOK No. 27.



## HOW TO BE A GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHER

Complete details, with tips on camera and outdoor shooting, where to find models, photographing the nude, how to sell the glamour market... plus much much more. Over 200 photographs. 120 pages. 7 1/2 per copy, postpaid. HOW TO BOOK No. 28.



## ED ALEXANDER'S FEMALE FIGURE PHOTOGRAPHY

England's top photographer gives you professional tips on back-lighting, camera points — plus special sections on "Beauty Around London" and "Off Beat Glamour Models." A cinema, reference manual. 120 pages. 7 1/2 per copy, postpaid. HOW TO BOOK No. 29.

BLACK-ROYAL PUBLISHING CORP. 8441 CA 1704  
DUBLIN 4 DUBLIN, IRELAND

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (check, bank, money order)  
Please send me the following book(s):

- ☐ HOW TO BOOK No. 27, 75c  
☐ HOW TO BOOK No. 28, 75c  
☐ HOW TO BOOK No. 29, 75c

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

